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PROPHET,
PRESBYTER
AND
SERVANT
OF
MANKIND



A
Memoir
of the
Reverend
Canon
G. Osborne
Troop. M.A.



PROPHET, PRESBYTER, AND SERVANT OF MANKIND

A Memoir of The Reverend Canon G. Osborne
Troop, M. A., Containing "Intimate
Recollections" by Mona Johnston
and a Selection of His
Writings.



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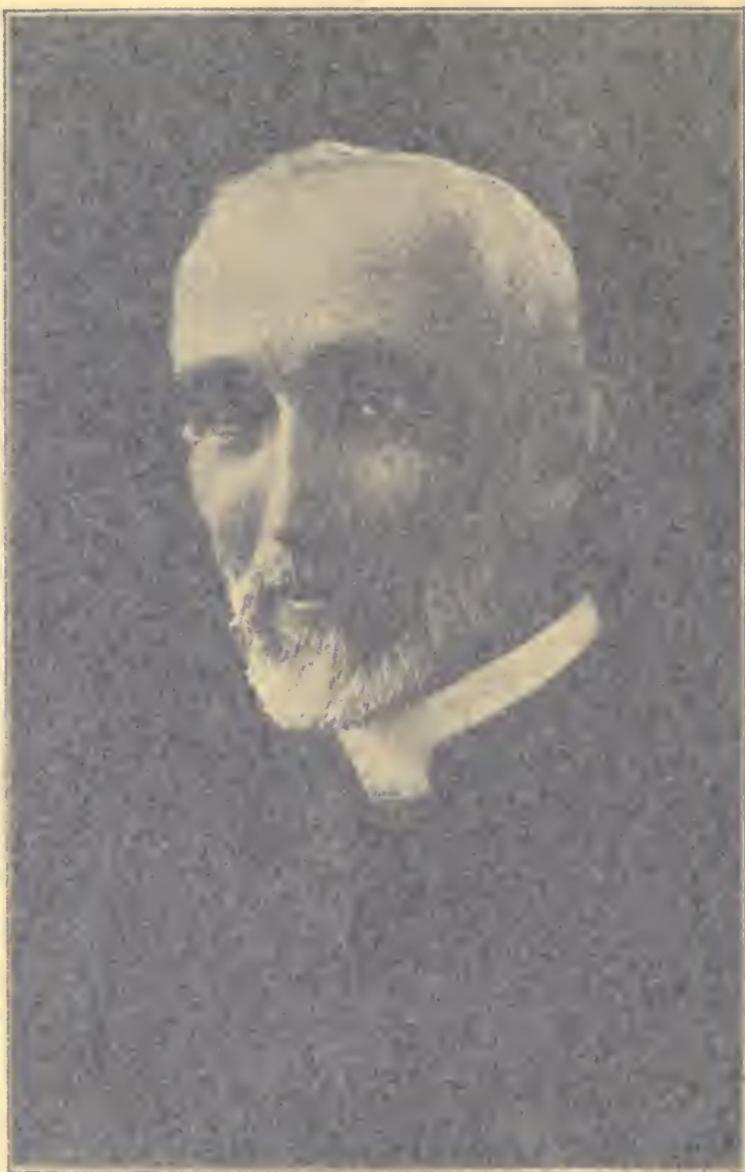
EDITED AND INTRODUCED
BY

THE REVEREND CANON DYSON HAGUE, M. A., D. D.

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Yours in sincerity
G. Osborne Troop.

To
That Great Company
on
this side
and on
the other side
who
Thought with him,
Talked with him,
Walked with him,
Worked with him,
Who loved
Mr. Valiant-for-Truth.

"Then said Mr. Valiant-for-truth,-

'I am going to my Father's; and though with great difficulty I am got hither, yet now I do not repent me of all the troubles I have been at to arrive where I am.

'My sword I give to him that shall succeed me in my pilgrimage, and my courage and skill to him that can get it. My marks and scars I carry with me to be a witness for me, that I have fought His battles who now will be my rewarder.....So he passed over, and all the trumpets sounded for him on the other side'."

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A FOREWORD

BY

The Reverend Canon Dyson Hague, M. A., D. D.

Since the writing of this beautiful Foreword its author has joined his beloved friend in the "Better Country." His words thus carry a special appeal and will be treasured by the many friends of those two Men of God.

Mona Johnston.

FOREWORD

I find it very difficult to put into words all that I feel with regard to my dear friend, Canon Troop. I knew him intimately for over forty-five years. He belonged to a prominent Nova Scotia family and his name was a household name in Halifax, and especially in St. Paul's Church where he was the beloved Curate for some time during the days of Dr. Hill, the well-known Rector, whose daughter he married. His name is still cherished there as a most devoted and earnest man of God, and in Saint John and in St. Martin's Church, Montreal, where he laboured for over a quarter of a century. After he retired, he spent some time in England and, latterly, spent his time partly in Halifax and partly in Toronto, with visits to many parts of Canada and the United States. He was known and honoured from ocean to ocean, and far beyond the limits of Canada, in the Southern States and in the Old Land. Wherever he went he was regarded as a very saint of God. And wherever he stood in the pulpit that tall and striking figure, with those outstretched hands and love-filled eyes, attracted and riveted all his hearers.

I shall never forget his coming to St. Paul's Church, Brockville, over forty years ago when I was there, to preach some special anniversary sermons. He went up into the pulpit, a tall towering figure, and announced his text: "God is love," and then, to our astonishment he left the pulpit and came down the chancel steps. I wondered what on earth was the matter and feared that he had been taken suddenly ill. But instead of that he stepped forward and putting his hand upon the front pew he went on with his sermon and preached for nearly an hour. I said to him afterwards in the vestry as I thanked him for his wonderful sermon, "Do you know how long you preached?" He said, "No." I said, "Fifty-five minutes." "Oh," he said with a gasp, "is it possible?" "Yes," I said, "and it only seemed a few minutes. In the evening he went up into the pulpit and announced the same text, repeating the same action, coming down the steps and standing in front of the people on the floor of the Church, and for over fifty minutes again holding

the attention of a large congregation with intense interest. And for months and even years after that people would meet me and say, "When are you going to have that man again who preached to us about 'God is love'."

The supreme power of Canon Troop's life was the dynamic of love. He was a most lovable man, and he was universally beloved. To know him was to love him. There was about him a gentleness, a tenderness of sympathy for the poor, the weak and the ignorant which was the very spirit of Him who bore patiently with the bruised reed and the smoking flax.

The passion of his life was evangelism. He loved the Gospel. The basis of all his thinking, as well as the beginning of his perfervid spiritual energy, was justification by faith as taught in Romans 5:1 and the Eleventh Article of the Church of England. He knew not only what, but Whom he believed, and the strength of his preaching was the knowledge of Jesus Christ as his own personal Saviour. No one ever heard him preach, and he was greatly in demand even up to the very last as a preacher, both in this country and in the United States, without feeling that his very accent, manner and attitude were inbreathed with that winsomeness of appeal that can only come from God, the Holy Ghost.

In his attitude to his fellow-Christians, Canon Troop was broad-minded in the highest sense. He was a real Catholic. He loved all Christians. He brought to all his work, parochial, pulpit and literary, a fine spirit of sympathetic Christianity. Though a most loyal Churchman, he hated with a perfect hatred, that ecclesiastical austerity that has been the curse of the Church in so many quarters, and that haughtiness of unsympathy that has ever tended to alienate Christians from one another and drive people from the Christian Church. He was a monument of brotherly love. He was a walking example of Christian charity, ever free from envy, hatred, malice and all uncharitableness.

Canon Troop had a profound faith in the Bible as the Word of God. To him it was the final, authoritative, inspired standard of all doctrine and was its faithful champion. It was the Living Word of the Living God. He believed in it entirely, absolutely, with a faith that was strong and undimmed, even to the end. He knew that the Bible was always up-to-date, while many of the theories propounded by critical minds are out-of-date

and generally self-destructive and behind the times. He could have said, with Speer, "The facts of the Bible were not created by belief, and cannot be dissolved by unbelief."

He was a great lover of his Church, the Church of England. He believed in all his heart and soul that the Church was Catholic, not in the false or falsified sense of the word, but in the real Anglican sense, Christ's whole Church universal; that she was Apostolic, founded upon the foundation of the Apostles and Jesus Christ; that she was Reformed through the enlightenment of the Spirit-led, Scripture-taught men, who were the instruments in God's hands of her reformation; and that she was Protestant in the very essence of her being and the teaching of her Prayer Book and Articles. He was a great believer in the missionary policy of the Church and believed that the Church of Christ exists for expansion and evangelization. To him a dead Church has no right to represent the Living God, and a Church that does not grow and live to preach the Gospel to every creature has a name to live but is really lifeless.

He had a living faith in the Second Coming of Jesus. He preached in season and out of season with great power and personal conviction what he believed to be the Biblical doctrine of the Second Advent, "The Visible Personal Return of our Lord", as will be seen from his remarkable writing on that subject.

He has gone from us, but he is not dead. He is alive for evermore, and has gone to be with the Lord he loved, which is far better. And so we dare not sorrow for him as those that have no hope. As his whole life was a consistent witness to the love and power and grace of God, so there must not be hopeless mourning, but rejoicing that one who fought the good fight and kept the faith has heard the voice of his Master: "Well done, good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

The memory of the just is blessed, and the memory of Canon Troop will be cherished for many years not only by the sea in Halifax and in Saint John and in Montreal and in Toronto, but in many places far away. He was an honorary graduate of Wycliffe College and his pleading words and loving counsels in chapel and Church will not soon be forgotten by the students and graduates. We cannot all be clever; we cannot all be scholars we cannot all be preachers in great demand in many pro-

vinces and lands; we cannot all have gifts as various and as eminent as his. But we can all have, like him, the gentleness and tenderness of Christ. We can love the Gospel and the Bible with a passionate devotion and know not only what but Whom we believe. We can all be so filled with the spirit of Christ that the love and joy and peace that were so conspicuous in his career shall make us also instruments meet for the Master's use. We cannot all be great, but we can all be good. We can leave behind, as Canon Troop, the memory of lives devoted to God and the Gospel, so that men will say of us, as they can say of him: He loved Christ. He loved the Church. He loved souls. He loved everybody. The love of God was shed abroad in his heart.

As Canon Troop's writings obtained a wide circulation through the press, both in Canada and the United States, especially through "The Southern Churchman" of Richmond, Virginia, it was thought that a large number of those who knew his name would like to have the privilege and pleasure of reading some of his searching and strengthening words, all of which seem to carry a message greatly needed in this day. They are arranged in order under their various subjects.

With regard to the Bible, its inspiration and authority, Canon Troop's "Inspiration of the Scriptures," and his "Christ and the Scriptures" will be read with great interest.

A tribute to the person and work of Jesus Christ is beautifully brought out in "The Divine Voice," "The Desire of all Nations" and "A Veil of Mystery."

His profound faith in the Atonement and the Second Advent is set forth in "The Dividing Cross" and "The Visible, Personal Return of our Lord."

No summary of the life of Canon Troop would be at all adequate without reference to his marvellous Christian charity. He held very strongly the Keswick motto: All one in Christ Jesus. One of his addresses that made a profound impression was that on the "One Flock, One Shepherd" (page 169). And perhaps few summaries of the Evangelical position with regard to the Church, the Ministry and the Sacraments could surpass in brevity, beauty and appealing variety his, "No Monopoly of the Christian Heritage" (page 177).

As we said before, Canon Troop was a profound lover of the Church of England. He was in the truest sense

of the word an Evangelical Churchman and, not merely in the negative, but in the positive meaning, a Protestant Churchman. His views upon the Lord's Supper are strikingly brought out in "A Remarkable Prophecy" and "The Prayer Book Revision" (pages 193 and 199).

No more suitable words for a conclusion perhaps could be found than those of his cordial greeting to his friends on both sides of the sea entitled, "Are We Forming Eternal Friendship?"

But, of course, the chief interest of this memoir lies in the beautiful biography by his eldest daughter, Mona, now Mrs. H. S. Johnston of Halifax, N. S. It records the intimate relations of a daughter and pulses throughout with the deep affection of a reverential love. It reveals, from the viewpoint of one very near and dear to him, the beauty of his character and the reality of his inner life in Christ.

We are sure that all who read this tribute to his memory and these republished specimens of his faith and teaching will be at once strengthened in their faith and quickened to a new resolve to love those great principles by which he lived and in which he triumphantly died. His legacy, not only to Canada and his beloved Church of England but to multitudes who revere his memory, will be the influence he exerted, the words that he spoke and the writings that have been an inspiration and guide to multitudes of readers, not only in our own land, but in the United States and the Old Country. May they ever be treasured, as was said of the works of a great English preacher, not only as the memorial of a saintly soul but as a guide to a saintly life.

HIS
LIFE

INTIMATE RECOLLECTIONS

BY

Mona Johnston

INTIMATE RECOLLECTIONS

I. THE CALL

II. OPENING DOORS

III. THE HAPPY WARRIOR

IV. INDIAN SUMMER

V. SUNSET AND EVENING STAR

THE CALL

Rise, clasp My hand, and come.
The Hound of Heaven.

—*Francis Thompson.*

THE CALL

For some months past a great privilege has been mine. Sitting at my father's great writing desk where he brought into being such articles as "No Monopoly," and carried on an immense and varied correspondence, which eventually extended into many parts of the world; I have, with some diffidence, endeavoured to visualize his long and useful life as a whole, digging down deep into the very heart and springs of it, with the daring hope that something of its glory may perhaps gleam through these few pages.

In the room which is almost as it was upon the day when he left it for the last time, surrounded by his much-loved books and pictures, with his orderly diaries before me, I have touched with tender fingers the letters and papers he has so carefully preserved, some of them yellowed by age, some of comparatively recent date. A few of these bear touching labels,—for example—"St. Martin's Farewell"—"Very Precious".

The quiet room has become a Sanctuary often brightened by the sense of a great Presence. One closes the door for a space upon the clamouring voices of this twentieth century life of ours, and in the hush which follows tries to lift the curtain from the eventful years; and to see them as they were, yet with the clearer insight and appreciation of a certain maturity of viewpoint. Shadowy at first, those years often suddenly shine out, figures moving in the light, voices long-forgotten making themselves heard. Busy days unfold their flashing pictures of the sunshine and shadow which mark the life of a large congregation in a great city. Individual joys and sorrows, meetings and partings, high achievement and seeming defeat appear between visions of crowded church services, congregational triumphs, and shining records of loving service.

Against the well-remembered background one sees a life dominated by a single aim—the glory of its Creator. Lines written in memory of a very different character are curiously applicable,—

The pompous folly of the world
Could never touch that radiant mien;
He moved unstained among the crowd,
Loyal, courageous and serene.

With all its singleness of purpose and lofty idealism, this life, in common with other lives, doubtless held its mistakes and failings, knew indeed its limitations, but a chorus of grateful voices rises out of those years to bless the memory of one who ever carried with him the fragrance of the Master's companionship. Through "fair days and foul" he was friend and guide in countless hearts and homes, and a flood of touching tributes, at the time of his "Entrance into Life" as someone has beautifully expressed it, bore eloquent witness to the fact.

If, however, we are to grasp the true setting of any life, unusual in personality and output, we must go farther back still, so we pause here for a brief glance at the two families immediately concerned in my father's earliest being.

The name of Troop is a well-known one in the Annapolis Valley, and in Nova Scotia. Its men have been speakers, lawyers, politicians, men of affairs; the women gracious, kindly, hospitable, always competent house-keepers and home-makers. Miss Harriet Troop, who had such a large part in the upbringing of her young nephew, was of a different type, dominating, rather than gracious, efficient, rather than kindly, with a strong bias in favour of the masculine sex, and a certain condescension towards the members of her own, which by no means endeared her to them. A strong Presbyterian, and decided in her religious views, she was equally so on the political side, having little patience with those who opposed her strong Liberal partisanship, which I have been told on good authority, was still much in evidence, a few days before her death. Nevertheless, tenderness underlay this somewhat stern exterior, continually manifesting itself in much kindness to a somewhat solitary boy. The mutual affection was lifelong, and visits to the Maritimes always included a meeting with "Aunt Harriet," if even remotely possible.

The Coster family possessed marked characteristics of a quite different variety. Archdeacon Coster, my great grandfather, is still held in grateful and honoured memory in connection with the Church in Fredericton, New Brunswick. Spiritual, musical, and artistic, he was a lover of all order and beauty, and his children inherited these qualities in a marked degree.

His daughter, Georgianna, was intensely musical, and with greater opportunities might have gone far. A really brilliant pianist and capable organist, she com-

posed several melodious hymn tunes greatly treasured by my father. She was handsome, vivacious and clever, always interested in world affairs, and warmly patriotic, with a passionate regard for the Motherland and Royal Family, which permanently influenced her children's outlook. In addition to these qualities she was the happy possessor of a boundless faith in God which upheld her in the many trials and sorrows which were her portion during her earthly pilgrimage; a portion which nevertheless included many joys we gladly remember to-day. Thus two very opposite strains met in the baby boy, who first saw the light in the beautiful Annapolis Valley on March 6, 1854, and one can picture the growing boy, so early deprived of a father's care, listening large-eyed to the conversation of his elders in the old Bridgetown home-stead, where the famous Joseph Howe was a frequent and welcome visitor, slightly bewildered perhaps by his own conflicting emotions, and what we today term "reactions."

In our childhood we considered it a great treat to hear from my father's own lips stories of those days, especially on winter evenings with Christmas in the offing!

Those were the days of home-made tallow candles and great brick ovens, when to drive from Bridgetown to Windsor was to take a long journey inviting the admiration and envy of one's schoolmates. An interesting relic of those days is preserved in the form of a petition in my father's handwriting sent to the "Trustees of Bridgetown School." It was found some few years ago among the papers of Mr. Randolph by his daughter, who sent it to her old friend, in memory of those far away school days which she had happily shared. It runs thus:—

To the Trustees of Bridgetown School.

We, the undersigned scholars, attending the Public School at Bridgetown would, with the **full consent of our Parents**, respectfully bring to your notice the following facts,—

That with all deference to your Authority, we think the Holidays allowed us by Law too brief, by **at least** a week. Not so much on our account however, as for the sake of our Teachers, and particularly for Mrs. Whiston whose child has been (and is now, we believe) quite ill, so that she could not enjoy the vacation as much as she might have done.

That they have gone to the Bay Shore to recruit their energies worn out by the labor of teaching, especially in this hot weather and unfortunately have had so far, very disagreeable weather. We would therefore, respectfully ask you to take these facts

into consideration and if it is in accordance with your judgment, we hope that you will allow the commencement of school to be postponed from Monday August 1st to Monday August 14th, thereby giving us much pleasure and, we **think**, our respective Teachers a great deal of gratification.

Yours respectfully,

Sgd. OSBORNE TROOP.

A number of pencilled signatures follow and on the opposite page these words:

The Request contained in the foregoing has my concurrence.

Sgd. ROBT. G. FITZ RANDOLPH.

My father had, I think, quite forgotten the episode, but I fancy the idea originated with him.

A touching story of another order came to me many years ago from my mother; that of a little girl, possibly a childish sweetheart, for whom he had fashioned a ring out of a button, a short time before her early death. The dying child requested that the ring might be left upon her finger, recalling the exquisite old song, always to me at least, redolent of pot-pourri, miniatures, lavender and old lace—

When I shall be at rest
Upon my bed of flowers,
Still on my lifeless hand
May it rest tenderly—
The little silver ring
That once you gave to me.

There were occasional and eagerly anticipated visits to Halifax, where dwelt an uncle who was apparently endowed with many of the traits of a veritable fairy god-father. A tale we greatly cherished chronicled the arrival at the Halifax Station of a young boy, protected from the ravages of sudden zero weather by a **shawl**, carefully draped about his slender person by an anxious mother. "Uncle George" (Mr. George John Troop, the genial host of beautiful "Maplehurst" Dartmouth), led a slightly embarrassed but hopeful nephew to a handsome building, with fine show-windows, where in addition to other garments, a fine overcoat was immediately purchased. There was a houseful of merry young cousins, one of whom was later described by my father with real solemnity, as "the most beautiful girl in the world". An acknowledged belle of the period, her un-spoiled nature and sweet thoughtfulness made a lasting

impression upon her cousin, and a friendship which was to last a lifetime, had its beginnings then. The last illness of my father was much brightened and cheered by the visits of this beloved person,—Mrs. Eunice Nicholson.

But the happiest days of all were spent with his mother in the little home which she kept bright with love and cheer, if not with gold! With her lived the younger sister and brother, and this trio, the members of it essentially differing in temperament, was united by a love whose strength defied "the changes and chances of this mortal life," burning ever clearer and brighter through the years.

If the boy Osborne loved his aunt, he well-nigh worshipped the attractive young mother, who declined at least one offer of marriage on the ground of uncertainty regarding the future happiness of her little flock, under changed conditions.

I think she must have always cherished a secret hope of the Sacred Ministry as a calling for her first-born. However that may be, when he was fourteen she suggested the idea to him. Curiously enough, his reply was "I had rather be anything in the world than a clergyman!" She said no more, but, in the sweet old phraseology used to describe another Mother's yearnings, no doubt she must have pondered it in her heart.

The uncle evidently shared his nephew's prejudice, or perhaps never even thought of anything save the Bar for his promising young relative. He took the boy into his own office, and preparation was underway for preliminary examinations, when suddenly, at the age of seventeen, my father heard another Voice. We have no details of that Call, but it was as always, imperious, not to be denied.

Always tenderhearted, essentially grateful in temperament, the bitter disappointment of a kind uncle and guardian was at times almost more than he could bear, but with characteristic firmness, having once caught the music of the Divine Accents, he never wavered.

These are his own words:—"I exchanged the Law for the Gospel. From that day to this, I have never for one moment regretted my decision, and I am fully persuaded that there is no greater privilege in the world than the joy of proclaiming the Everlasting Gospel of the Grace of God in the Spirit and power of our Lord Jesus Christ."

A week or two ago I picked up one of the best loved books in his library, "John Inglesant". Glancing over its pages my eye was arrested by two marked passages, one in the early part of the magnificent story, one nearer the close. The first occurs in Chapter II and runs as follows:—"There is nothing in the world of any value but the Divine Light;—follow it. What it is, no man can tell you; but I have told you many times, and you know very well, it is not here nor there, as men shall tell you, for all men say they have it who are ignorant of its very nature. It will reveal itself when the time shall come."

The second appears in Chapter XXIX, after the account of the hero's great temptation, to which he did not yield—"It is not so easy to ruin him with whom the pressure of Christ's hand yet lingers in the palm."

These two passages seem to me curiously significant, when considered in connection with my father's life. He underlined them in **later** life, looking back. One wonders what thoughts were surging through his mind as he drew the pen beneath the words, but we know that to the boy in Bridgetown the Light had revealed itself.

Whither would it lead?

OPENING DOORS

To-morrow is a silver trumpet that I shall blow upon,
it is unknown, it is unborn:

* * * * * * * *
God Swings It To Me Out Of The Mysterious Future.
—*Jane Steger.*

OPENING DOORS

The great decision taken, there were practical details to be attended to; the first of these, a letter to the Bishop of Nova Scotia, the well-known Bishop Binney.

My father has often described, with a twinkle in his eye, the evolving of this singular epistle. He composed it with the aid of a school-mate, neither of them very sure of the proper mode of address in approaching a Bishop! Elders were apparently not consulted, so we judge that the whole subject was possibly under a ban.

The Bishop must have smiled as he perused the laboured application, but it is probable that experience recognized earnestness of purpose behind the stilted wording of the youthful scribes.

However that may be, the first door swung open, and shortly afterwards, arrangements were completed for entering King's College, Windsor, Nova Scotia.

Money was by no means plentiful, and difficulties loomed large, even for the dauntless spirit of youth, but the well-known story of the man, who when asked the secret of his phenomenal success in life, replied simply: "God gave me friends," comes to mind here.

Throughout his life my father had the happy faculty of making friends, and these early college days were no exception to the rule.

With characteristic buoyancy of spirit he seems to have entirely overlooked the necessity of providing furniture for his newly-acquired domicile. With this sudden heavy load upon his young heart, he attended the chapel service.

Being the 6th day of the month, the thirty-fourth psalm was read in which the words occur—"Lo, the poor crieth, and the Lord heareth him: yea, and saveth him out of all his troubles." (Ps. 34—6).

The load seemed perceptibly lighter as these words rang out, and almost immediately afterwards a wealthy friend and room-mate coming to the rescue, matters were happily adjusted.

My father never read these words in after life without an inward and upward glance of reminiscent thankfulness.

These were happy days. The college was highly favoured in its scholarly Principal, the Rev. George McCawley, D.D., and this fine Christian gentleman was always referred to, and remembered with the deepest affection and respect. The principal was a martinet where pronunciation was concerned, a false quantity in Greek or Latin causing him a kind of anguish. He was equally severe with regard to the Mother-tongue, and we used to shiver at the description of an occasion when my father innocently pronounced the word "irrefragable", with the accent on the third syllable, and a soft g.

"Irrefragable, Sir," fairly shouted the outraged scholar, with the accent on the second, and a hard g, causing the offender to "hide his diminished head" indeed!

My father's punctilious care in such matters, and his own excellent style in writing probably had their origin at this time.

From earliest childhood thoughtful; and possessing an excellent memory, my father was a satisfactory student, but he had a very poor opinion of examinations, considering them but inadequate tests, and he sometimes spoke of the pleasure he felt when the last one was safely passed, and he was free to start out upon his chosen life-work.

A beautiful photograph of the College buildings, in the attractive setting of the old Windsor days, still occupies an honoured position upon the wall of his room where he placed it, above a much valued one of the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Archbishop of Montreal, taken together, during the visit of the former to this country in the year 1904.

On February 25, 1877, the young graduate was ordained deacon by Bishop Binney, and so began that ministry which was to mean so much to so many lives.

In the light of after events, it is of interest to reflect that the viewpoint of the future author of "No Monopoly" was at this time that of a comparatively high churchman!

May we look at him for a moment as he stands before a second opening door, and try with tender understanding to realize something of what must have been in his mind and heart?

As he looked into "the mysterious future" which God was swinging toward him, did he feel "tomorrow as a silver trumpet" that he should blow upon? We think he did.

Did he dream of earnest labour in the "vineyard" rewarded by earthly honours perhaps, of high positions of responsibility—and authority—in the Church he loved, or only of the great Master's "Welldone" at the close of the day? Who can say? We do know that he must have faced that "mysterious future" with a "high heart".

It has been said that his bearing at this time was characterized by a certain autocracy, in marked contrast with the gentle dignity of later life; but his temperament was essentially a spiritual one, and words attributed to Milton, much loved by my father towards the close of his life, are rather suggestive of his inward vision:—

Visions come and go!
Shapes of resplendent beauty round me throng:
From angel lips I seem to hear the flow
Of soft and holy song.

At an incredibly early age he had begun the study of the "Book of Books," so that its very wording became part and parcel of his own thought and speech. Only second in his regard came Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" and doubtless the imagery of both, thus absorbed, affected his whole outlook, colouring his conception of life and death, of work and play.

Whether he realized it or not, the heart of "Evangelist" already beat and throbbed within him, the motive of every aspiration, for the "lover of souls" who was to be, existed then in embryo.

His first sphere of work was of the happiest. As curate of the old, historic St. Paul's Church, Halifax, he had the immense privilege of the distinguished rectorship of Dr. George W. Hill. My grandfather was a preacher of rare power, and a man of striking presence and personality. Unforgettable pictures were drawn for us by my father, of the sea of upturned faces on Sunday mornings, the great galleries filled with eager listeners, a man at the end of every pew. We often heard of a remarkable sermon on the "Christian Race," during the course of which Dr. Hill fairly electrified the congregation by exclaiming "Remember! the weakest runner has at least a chance of winning the prize, the spectators never!"

This much impressed me, and when years later, I was so fortunate as actually to hear my grandfather preach in Yorkshire, England, my delight knew no bounds as upon one occasion I suddenly realized that we were listen-

ing to this famous sermon. When the great sentence boomed forth, my cup was full, and my ardour was only momentarily dashed, by the chilling comment of a sophisticated relative, that she had heard the sermon several times before!

Dr. Hill opened his pleasant home to the new curate; and this delightful experience had a very definite bearing upon his after life.

The atmosphere of this home was one of quiet culture, comparative wealth, and strong, thoughtful Christianity. Dr. Hill and his gifted wife were keen Bible students, and matters relating to the Kingdom of God were discussed with deepest interest. In that most charming atmosphere, my mother blossomed, young, strong, deephearted, and unselfish. She was of a most unusual temperament, although she remained always completely unconscious of this fact. Along with a keen sense of humour and infinite capability, she had the soul of a mystic; with the deep longing for the things of the Spirit which this always entails. Deeply reserved, and desiring no personal prominence, she was ambitious for her loved ones, and I now realize that she knew the real meaning of "wrestling with God" for them. One thinks with reverent awe of the prayers of such wives and mothers. What they have meant to the sons of men through the ages!

This lovely lady sometimes caused her children intense amusement by casual references to her own worldliness, something which appeared to them simply non-existent.

It was natural that she and the earnest young curate, united by a common love and admiration for the "Best Things", should be drawn to one another; and it was not long before they were engaged.

The marriage took place in St. Paul's Church, and was naturally a wedding of great interest to the large congregation. An amusing story of the day tells us that the bride and groom drove away from the Church with their backs to the horses, to the great delight of the onlookers!

I like to conjure up a picture of these two, little more than boy and girl, endowed with youth, health, and personal beauty, their hearts not only full of love for each other, but on fire for the service of God. Anything more utterly unworldly than their attitude toward life

could hardly be conceived. Probably even in these days, a similar outlook exists, but it is certainly not common.

My mother, speaking of the short early ministry at St. Paul's, told me, with the wistfulness that often comes into the face and voice when remembering days long gone by, that life looked "wondrous bright" just then.

A happy home life; work for the Master owned and blest by Him; and rosy dreams of future possibilities. Life looked bright indeed.

But now another door was opening, and my father accepted the position of chaplain at the Hellmuth Ladies College, London, Ontario, under Bishop Hellmuth. I know that he felt afterwards that this had been a somewhat quixotic move, but who can say that the Light he was following may not have flashed upon this path?

The chaplaincy, while of short duration, held interesting, blessed experiences, and many happy hours. My mother enjoyed the society of the bright young students, and my father, young, gifted, and with much charm of manner, was naturally welcomed by the young ladies!

A very human touch is given to the picture by the story of a skating party hastily arranged, in which the chaplain and his wife merrily joined. Alas! the Bishop looked with less pleasure upon the scene, and it was not repeated. This was in the year of Our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and eighty-one!

Pleasant intercourse flowered into lasting friendships, perpetuated through life-long correspondence in several cases, and these days were ever lovingly remembered by both my parents.

A short curacy at the Church of the Ascension, Hamilton, Ontario followed, where the brilliant, magnetic Canon Carmichael, afterwards the beloved Bishop of Montreal, was Rector.

My father often alluded to the really startling effect made upon himself by his new Rector's preaching. "I felt", he said, "as if it were no use even to try to preach after listening to him." One senses here the still youthful outlook, in that headlong descent into the depths of discouragement and conscious inadequacy, so typical of our early days.

These experiences, important as they are, seem largely preparatory. One is conscious now, it seems to

me, of the striking of the clock, for with the next opening door we see the first Rectorship looming up; that of St. James Church, Saint John, N. B.

At this point the chronicler becomes aware of authentic pictures. They come clear and true, out of the mists which always shroud the far-off days of "a tale that is told," in flashes only, but bearing the stamp of reality.

First; one is conscious of crowds, many people in a rather small church; some of them even sitting on the pulpit steps.

The picture is etched unbelievably sharp in outline, of a tall, spare figure in surplice and hood, leading the worship of this attentive throng, then disappearing in a mysterious manner during the singing of a hymn; only to reappear standing in the pulpit, clothed in the strange dignity of the black gown.

My mother, sitting in the pew, her deep heart aflame, was conscious of a new note of power in the sermons of that day. Speaking of this time many years later she said: "As he spoke, it was as if Heaven opened."

Saturated with the Word of God; on fire with the message of which he began to be conscious; he naturally drew large congregations, and they listened enthralled, as he literally "opened up the Scriptures."

Once again the glorious prophecy was fulfilled, as it has been all down the ages, "I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto Me!"

But these pictures are replaced by very different ones. I feel again as though it were but yesterday, the sense of desolation experienced by a small child in an atmosphere of partings and farewells.

Through the blur of bitter tears comes a vision of such tender, kindly faces; of an outpouring of amazingly beautiful gifts in a crowded railway station; for the four short happy years in Saint John were over, and the new life of the "mysterious future" lay ahead, in the great city of Montreal, whither we were bound.

Some little time ago, between the leaves of an old Bible, I found a worn copy of the farewell letter my father wrote to the congregation of St. James. It runs in part as follows:—

"My dear Brethren,—

The changes and chances of this mortal life have brought you and me to a day, when, as pastor and people, we must bid each other farewell.

“Our separation cannot do otherwise than cause us much sorrow of heart. We have labored together for four years. We have known each other in joy and sadness. We have rejoiced, and we have wept together.

.....
“ It is true that we have knelt together round the white-robed Table of our holy Master, until our hearts were knit each to each only less closely than to our Lord Himself. It is true that we shall miss each other’s faces, the kindly word and look, the warm pressure of the hand; true that in some degree we may have even learned to lean dependently upon each other. But the real Source of all our past, present, and future comfort, hope and joy, remains the same—going with me, abiding with you, unchanging and unchangeable, “Jesus Christ; the same, yesterday, and to-day, yea, and forever.”

.....
“ Let us by faith look up into His blessed Face until our eyes are taught by the Spirit to see therein more and more of the Light of the knowledge of the glory of our God. In constant watchfulness and prayer let us walk in the light of His countenance, and God will give us peace—even the peace that passeth all understanding.

.....
“ We part, but it is to meet again in our Father’s Home, when He shall wipe away every tear from our eyes. Let us live as those who look for the return of our ever-living Saviour. Our time of trial is only “Till He come;” and He says Himself:—“Behold I come quickly.” May our quick responsive cry be that of the Beloved Disciple:—“Even so, come Lord Jesus.” And so, I bid you farewell in the Lord.”

Bertram Thomas has told us recently of the marvellous manner in which the Arab sheik recognizes the footprints made upon the sand of the desert by every member of his tribe.

We are tracing the footprints made by a **life**, upon the sands of time. This farewell letter is one of these footprints. Here is revealed, thus early in the story of this life, the father of his people, the shepherd of his flock, the true lover of souls. “Evangelist” is well upon his way!

THE HAPPY WARRIOR

A man whose soul is pure and strong,
Whose sword is bright and keen,
Who knows the splendour of the fight,
And what its issues mean;

Who never takes one step aside,
Nor halts, though hope be dim,
But cleaves a pathway through the strife,
And bids men follow him.

— *Henry Van Dyke.*

THE HAPPY WARRIOR

The foregoing pages have indeed failed in their mission, if they have not presented in some fashion the figure of an idealist. Lingering for a moment upon this thought, the recollection of a conversation with the late Dean of Nova Scotia, the Very Rev. J.P.D. Llwyd, D.D., D.C.L., (of gracious and beloved memory,) flashed into the writer's mind.

Speaking of one well-known to him and to me, he said,—“.....is an idealist, and sooner or later the idealist always comes up against the “cold, hard world.” He paused; and something flickered in the thoughtful eyes of that lover of men, and was gone, which I did not then quite understand.

Perhaps he had a fleeting vision of the idealist, as he appears in every race, in every age; too often scorned by his own generation; sometimes, alas! crushed and beaten, but often indomitable to the last.

One of the members of this great family we now behold, as he arrives in Montreal, in the year 1886; to take charge of the beautiful church of St. Martin, which had known, as its first Rector, the distinguished orator and scholar, John Philip DuMoulin, afterwards Bishop of Niagara.

He came in the full tide of enthusiasm and hope; with the fire and vitality of youth, for he was but thirty-two; already “girt about” with happy memories, he was eager to undertake new work in a larger field than he had yet known. He came with full confidence in his Master; and also, he sometimes assured us, with a somewhat rueful smile, with full confidence in the new Rector!

We may be very sure that while life held much “richness” in store for him, the “cold, hard world” was waiting too. He was to know the “splendour of the fight” but also something of the bitter loneliness and sense of defeat which is ever the portion of the idealist who is also a warrior.

So far we have mainly stressed the thoughtful, spiritual qualities, but we shall miss one of the most

important elements in my father's character, if we fail to perceive that he was, in very truth, a warrior, albeit a "happy warrior."

Sympathetic, kindly, always responsive to appreciation, and hating to wound; he yet could be adamant where a principle was concerned; and would fight on when all hope seemed gone, provided real convictions were involved.

Those who loved him best were often puzzled by an apparently instinctive choice on his part, of the unpopular side of a controversy; increasingly observable as the years went by.

In this connection we are startled by a striking passage in H. Crichton-Miller's book, "The New Psychology and the Preacher." It occurs in the chapter on "Prophet and Priest," and runs thus:

"The prophet has an unconscious bias in favour of that which the majority rejects."

There were some to whom it was given to see much of the "prophet" in this "man of God." Psychology, as such, was an almost unknown factor in my father's study, but the words of a brilliant modern psychologist are curiously applicable, considered in connection with one who scarcely ever used the word "temperament" regarding himself or others.

Rufus M. Jones, in his exquisite treatment of the "prophet", comes still nearer the mark. He says;— "He has a clearer conviction of God than most men have. He has found Him as the centre of all reality. He reads and interprets all history in the light of the indubitable fact of God."

Towards the close of his noble outline, we find these glowing words,— "In spite of the tragedy and pain, and the hard road, the prophet, seeing Him who is invisible, prefers to all other paths, however easy and popular, the path of his vision and call."

We shall be reminded of these words many times, as we try to gain a real understanding of the great forces at work in this life, which are sometimes more clearly detected in retrospect.

I fancy that a young child was not permitted to attend the impressive service of induction, but I do recall what must have been the first Sunday morning service. No

word of sermon, hymn, or prayer left any impression, but there is a very definite recollection of curious placards appearing in certain pews, bearing the astonishing inscription, "To Let." Childish eyes found much amusement in these clearly printed cards. Assuredly they were not disturbed by any perception of the sinister form of the "cold, hard world," but to us, as we look back, there is, in this, a strange significance.

One now heard also, from time to time, references to a vague substance, evidently of large proportions, for there were immense figures attached to it, called the "Church Debt."

Dimly I was aware that anxieties existed in grown-up minds with regard to this matter. Vaguely longing to administer comfort, I was sadly conscious, in the sweet words of the old nursery game, that "Sometimes I was so very small!"

But if shoals loomed up ahead, the waters rippled in the sunshine, and soft breezes blew close to the shore.

The new Rector and his wife threw themselves into the busy life of the parish, and were almost immediately in contact with a loyal, earnest band of workers, whose numbers and strength were to increase with the years.

How one would like to linger here, remembering individual members of this splendid army; dwelling on separate and united effort. We may only pause to reflect that they were, and are, the "joy and crown" of my father's Montreal ministry.

The pleasant social life of Montreal also extended a welcome to the newcomers, and many were the invitations of those days.

There comes here a lovely picture of my mother, as she appeared in the nursery one evening, on her way to some social function with her husband. She was robed in black velvet, I remember. This evening gown had a slight train, and in her children's eyes, perhaps in her husband's, shone admiration, not unmixed with awe, as they beheld this truly regal figure.

Many children's parties too, were a feature of the first winter, and my father, with the mistrust of worldly pleasures so typical of the true "prophet," looked with a somewhat dubious eye upon these constant festivities.

The picture of this time comes, however, full of brightness. There is the zip of the bracing Montreal winter, my father well protected from its rigours by a magnificent fur-lined coat, (one of the many loving gifts from Saint John), cheery open fires in the big Rectory; the pleasant hum of afternoon visitors, the sense of an abundance of life.

Through all this one catches the merry music of sleigh bells, and oh, amazing joy, there was a night, when, nestling amid the comforting warmth of heavy buffalo robes, we beheld the wondrous glory of a huge, glittering ice-palace. The glitter became a rosy glow, as suddenly from the deep heart of all this chill beauty, tall fire-rockets, feathery as angels' wings, soared into the sky.

So much for parochial and social life; beyond these absorbing interests we now see the Diocese of Montreal, with its larger environment; and no special powers of discernment are needed in order to descry the features of the "cold, hard world" here too, although her garb may be of slightly different hue.

My father had long anticipated the first Synod in the great city, and with boyish eagerness he hurried my mother to the opening service in good time, in order to secure a seat. His amazement, when he found the stately Cathedral almost empty at that early hour, may be imagined. The city, of mixed population, was but faintly stirred by the prospect of the "Councils of the Church" about to be held in her midst.

Apathy touching the affairs of the Kingdom of God was a perpetual surprise to one whose ardent spirit held no faint suggestion of a "Gallio," and this was a blow, but heavier ones were to descend upon his unsuspecting head.

The "politics" which by many earnest and devoted men are considered a necessary element of any organization, ecclesiastical or secular, were to this idealist simply abhorrent; when approached by certain men of this calibre, with regard to matters of policy connected with diocesan affairs, out came the warrior's sword; and a speech was delivered in the Synod, afterwards discussed in lowered tones by pre-occupied elders, which was evidently not calculated to inspire popularity.

Looking back upon this episode, the softening veil of the years blurring all sharp edges, one is inclined to

question the wisdom of this course. One who loved and admired this man once said of him that he possessed the "harmlessness of the dove" enjoined by the Master, without the "wisdom of the serpent."

Be that as it may, the verdict of our mature judgment suggests that the warrior followed the only course open to one who ever bore upon his standard the stern motto, "No compromise."

Certain it is that many of his brother clergy must have condemned his attitude as "priggish," at best; others may have offered the passing comment that "Troop took himself very seriously."

On the other hand, there were some who honoured the warrior for his stand, drawing the closer to him on that account; yet we think they must have sighed as they grasped his big hand. These are grim sign-posts, so far as ecclesiastical preferment is concerned, and we see the path ahead obscured by shadows.

As we gaze, our mood somewhat pensive, a broad shaft of sunlight bursts through the clouds, and we are gladly aware of a warm, strong, human presence.

With infinite delight we recognize the forceful, dignified figure of the Bishop, William Bennett Bond, later Archbishop and then Primate; we were apprehensive of "lions" on the way, even if chained; and with relief we turn to a brief study of this stalwart representative of spiritual forces, a true "Greatheart."

The Bishop had not the writer's gift of his predecessor, Bishop Oxenden, nor the brilliance and famous wit of his successor, Bishop Carmichael, who, rising to speak in any assembly hall, had but to gaze silently round upon his audience, a half-smile upon his humorous lips, to cause responsive bursts of merriment; but he was a strong, wise leader, and, in the beautiful phraseology of the Church of England Prayer-book, a true "Father in God." One was first impressed by the dignity of his mien and bearing, which was increased by the rich tones of his great voice; but this was combined with a most lovable simple-heartedness, and a delightful dry humour often looked out of his deep eyes. He disliked all manifestation of "pomp and circumstance," and even left explicit directions regarding the simple rites he desired for his own funeral.

The Bishop appointed my father his Domestic Chaplain in 1902, and the relationship existing between these two was a truly perfect one, almost that of father and son, the comfort and delight of both for many years.

One of the most sacred memories of the chaplain was that of a visit he paid the Primate towards the close of his eventful life, when illness held even that powerful physique an unwilling prisoner.

As was their wont, they "took sweet counsel together" for a time, and then the visitor rose, extending his hand in farewell. The Primate, with a flash of the old authoritative manner so characteristic of him, demurred. "Give me your blessing before you go," he cried.

As the tender music of the glorious benediction filled the quiet room, the venerable Bishop and his dearly-loved Chaplain were alike conscious of the "Light of that Countenance" before which all earthly shining grows dim.

But far beyond the confines of parish and diocese lay another realm, which knew no boundaries, and into these vast spaces of the spirit the warrior continually retreated.

As he closed his study door, the insistent voices of the world receded, and he found the serene presence of his Master. Even here he was but seldom free from interruption, for he would have none turned away who came seeking his advice; and many came.

That little room heard many a tale of bitter disillusionment, of broken lives; of doubts and fears; and sometimes of happy human love; sometimes of simple faith in God.

To all he gave individual and sympathetic attention, and there were many who left that quiet sanctum with new-found hope and courage for life's journey.

The buoyant step of light-hearted youth fell often upon the worn carpet, as well as that of responsible middle-age, while "hoar hairs" were often in evidence, and never slighted, and as the busy confidant of many outside his own parish turned back to his beloved books, he "lifted his heart" for each visitor, young or old, gay or sad.

Every waking moment was thought-filled, for when not reading, he was meditating, or communing with his Maker. He had no hobbies, and when the advisability of such an outlet was suggested, he would laughingly

reply that the "Word of God" was **his** hobby! The word relaxation was almost unknown in his vocabulary; for sometimes physically weary, he seemed always mentally alert; and apart from the long walks in which he always revelled, the reading aloud of a good novel, preferably a classic, was the only recreation he ever really sought.

While he appreciated certain outstanding works of art, and could describe a master-piece in a wonderfully vivid manner; while he could enjoy Bach's great Passion Music, and especially loved Handel's famous "Largo"; the fine arts occupied but a small niche in the inner temple of his thought. Like Phillips Brooks, he preferred the mighty contacts of the city to the tranquil joys of the country; and he would walk through matchless forest beauty earnestly discussing such a subject as "God's ultimate purpose for His chosen people Israel", or meditating on the "Second Coming," conscious indeed of all the surrounding loveliness as the Creator's amazing handiwork; but without the rapture of the real Nature lover.

Opposite this, however, one must record an almost passionate reverence for the glowing pageant of sunset or rainbow. When these manifestations were especially fine, he would insist on rousing the household, whatever the occupation of the moment.

The wild glory of the Rocky Mountains and the majestic beauty of the Alpine scenery both caused him infinite delight; and I shall never forget an incident connected with a trip to the Pacific Coast in 1913. On the return journey it was very warm; the observation-car was filled with slightly drowsy tourists, the celebrated novelist Sir Gilbert Parker among them, who were possibly satiated with the scenic beauty in which we had been fairly steeped all the morning. Suddenly this somnolent atmosphere was cut as with a knife, by the clear, ringing tones which had been for many years the delight of the "hard of hearing," as my father shouted, calling me by my Christian name, "Stand up!" Some fresh aspect of the serried grandeur through which we were passing had deeply moved him, and he desired to share this experience. A complete lack of selfconsciousness was one of his most lovable characteristics, and he scarcely noticed my embarrassment.

His books were his great delight through all these years, and he always acknowledged with heartfelt grati-

ude the immense debt he owed to the three great Bishops of Durham,—Lightfoot, Westcott, and Handley Moule, the latter a deeply-honored friend and correspondent whose letters he left amongst his most treasured possessions.

Not long ago, I had occasion to open Westcott's "Gospel of Life," and with beating heart, I traced his mental path through the glorious exposition; the pencil-marks still bright, where he had marked passage after passage. How clearly one recognized the eager footprints of the searcher after Truth!

This search was rewarded by many a new vision. He tells us of a time, (hard for us now to imagine) when he was "fairly imprisoned in his ecclesiastical shell; to such an extent that when on arriving in Montreal, he was honoured with an invitation to speak for the Bible Society, he actually declined for conscience sake, and gave his reasons!"

The glorious vision of the "One Flock, One Shepherd," and of the "Church Universal," which became such a keynote of his whole ministry, now shone before his earnest eyes; and those who heard his unfolding of the great passage of St. Paul concerning the "unveiling of the sons of God" will recall that the authentic note of the prophet sounded throughout the masterly presentation of what had indeed come to him as a "vision."

It will be readily understood that this vision was really ahead of his time; also that the natural outcome of such a vision would cause an inevitable clash between "prophet" and "priest."

We shall do well to remind ourselves here that the possessions of the ecclesiastic are to him infinitely sacred, and his position as guardian of "existing forms and traditions" one which involves his deepest and holiest convictions.

One is glad to remember that this "prophet" numbered among his dear and honoured friends many a "priest". Each honoured the other; while differing on many points, they found an eternal bond in their devotion to the same Lord and Master.

It might be supposed that this widening horizon would affect other previous lines of thought; the inspiration of Scripture, for example: but here we find him standing firmly for the direct inspiration of Holy Writ,

a position which he held all his life. His position was not one engendered by lack of knowledge, for he made himself familiar with many of the works of higher criticism; and we remember an occasion in the evening of his life, when, referring to some passage which had been under discussion, he said quietly, as he turned over the leaves of his beloved Bible;—“They don’t know how much the old fellow knows about it!”

His ageless eyes upon the sacred volume, he missed the instant sympathetic response in the faces of his companions, who, true Anglo-Saxons, being deeply moved, were unable to utter a word.

Like a fresh breeze come his own words here, written in 1927, as he looked back upon a ministry of fifty years:—“It is impossible to keep on the Cross or in the Tomb Him Who is the Resurrection and the Life, and it is equally impossible to destroy in any furnace the Scriptures in which the Christ is enshrined.”

As he pondered over these matters his whole outlook became intensely missionary; and he kept in touch with all the great Forward Movements of that time, securing for his people such famous speakers as John R. Mott, and many others.

Dr. Eugene Stock, the energetic secretary of the Church Missionary Society, was a great friend, and he kept the Canadian enthusiast well informed regarding the far-flung activities of that great organization.

In 1905 the first visit to the Motherland took place, and I recall being included in an invitation to Dr. Stock’s London home.

Two maiden sisters, of rather alarming conventionality (at least as viewed by young Canada) probably covering much kindness of heart, presided over the delightfully old-fashioned tea-table, with its exquisite china, and English dainties; and we were afterwards led into a wonderful room whose walls were completely covered with photographs of the brave “Soldiers of the Cross” who had carried, or were carrying the torch into distant lands, under the able direction of the Society. Dr. Stock surveyed these pictures with a glance which bore a remarkable resemblance to that of a proud father!

The story of many of these “valiant hearts” is enshrined in his colossal undertaking, “The History of the Church Missionary Society,” its three great volumes a much prized possession of my father’s library.

With this ever widening viewpoint, and these steadily deepening sympathies, the "prophet" in very truth now often bore the world upon his heart, in a constant stream of intercession. That these spiritual adventures would result in an "ample fruitage" was a foregone conclusion.

My father once told me, using a very favourite image, that his whole ministry had sprung from great, single "Seed-Thoughts," received in flashes, and later developed. He was deeply conscious of a message; and longed to give out to others what had come to him out of the "Councils of Eternity."

We can almost hear him cry: "Awake, O North wind and come, thou South; blow upon my garden, that the spices may flow out!"

Those in his immediate circle could not fail to observe the radiance proceeding from his ever closer "walk with God," but the outside world now began to "take knowledge of him, that he had been with Jesus," for the light upon his face, so noticeable in later life, could even now often be discerned.

If the clarion tones of the Warrior were less often heard in the Synod, the persuasive winning voice of the Evangelist was pouring out the fragrance of his message in Churches and parish halls up and down the diocese, and beyond it, for there were constant demands for his leadership as a missioner, and conductor of "Quiet Days." He used no sensational methods on these occasions, simply endeavouring to present One who was to him the Supreme Figure of the Ages, in all His redeeming love and power; and many listening to his burning, loving words, cried inwardly with St. John of Damascus,—"Tis the Spring of Souls to-day!"

The able curates of those days, first the Rev. W. H. Garth, who afterwards went to the United States, and then the Rev. W. W. Craig, now Dean of St. George's Cathedral, Kingston, Ontario, succeeded later by the Rev. Edgar T. Capell, whose yeoman service will always be gratefully remembered, made fairly frequent short absences possible, but a friendly warden once suggested mildly to the rector that his own people might like to hear him occasionally!

But there were other channels still through which the "spices" were to "flow out." His broad outlook was recognized by other Christian bodies, and here also

true men of God hailed a spiritual leader with delight, and there were many calls from this part of the vineyard, often gladly accepted after due consultation with the Bishop. The ecclesiastical shell had assuredly burst!

In 1890, after much discussion, a voluntary system, but with appropriated sittings, had been adopted in lieu of pew rents at St. Martin's, which had at first met with phenomenal success; but gradually enthusiasm had cooled; freedom had been more and more restricted; and the final stages in disillusionment were reached in 1900, when the Finance Committee raised the question of a possible return to Pew Rents.

Then did the Warrior come out into the open, and his sword was decidedly "bright and keen." As we try to get the values clear, we cannot escape the conviction that the struggle now impending really centred round the majestic words of One who came "to set the captive free," —"Make not my Father's House a House of merchandise."

As we look over the letter written at this time to the congregation (for which the writer is indebted to Mr. Philip J. Turner, one of the friends who has taken so deep an interest in the story), we find principles very clearly stated. Much condensed they are—

1. The Church is not a club for the comfort of the few.
2. The Pew Rent excludes the poor whom Christ welcomes.
3. The Pew Rent does honour to Money.
4. The Pew Rent is in direct antagonism to the missionary spirit.

The letter, which includes a practical outline for the carrying out of real "freedom," should this be decided upon, acknowledges the perfect right of the Finance Committee to make the change of a return to Pew Rents; but makes it clear that in such a case, the writer must resign for conscience sake. The Finance Committee decided regretfully in favour of a return to Pew Rents, and the Rector then resigned.

A shadow fell over Church and Rectory, for the severance of ties formed during thirteen years of united service was no light matter.

The resignation was not to take effect until October. This was June; and the Rector greatly desired to leave the parish in as perfect condition as possible. He carried on the routine of a busy city rector's days with his usual sunny serenity; visiting the sick, receiving visitors; giving council, preparing sermons; holding services. He must have been under a severe strain, yet nothing of this expressed itself in irritability or gloom.

May we let our thought go back for a moment here to the seventeen-year-old boy in the Annapolis Valley, suddenly conscious of the Divine Voice, and his subsequent following of the Light? Surely, here we discover the secret of this remarkable composure.

But there was a stirring among the people. Some there were who were true sympathizers on grounds of equal conviction; others who, while not specially interested in, or even understanding "what the issues meant," did not wish to lose a beloved friend and pastor.

Many of the congregation, perhaps unknown to each other before this crisis; drawn together by a common bond, rallied round the bold standard of Freedom, and the result of all this came one warm summer evening, when the quiet Rectory was suddenly thrilled by a summons from a waiting assembly in the parish hall close by.

As the Warrior entered the hall, he received an ovation, and the memory of those friendly, loving faces, with the grip of strong hands on his, was a cherished memory through all his after life.

He was acquainted with a resolution passed at this meeting, declaring the seats of St. Martin's "free and unappropriated" which also requested the withdrawal of the Rector's resignation.

The Rector, naturally deeply moved, in a few words expressed his appreciation of all that had made this possible; closing on a note of sure confidence for the future as they faced it under Heavenly Guidance.

And so, at last, the Church was "Free to the poor and the stranger for ever!" It is of interest to recall that St. Martin's in its early days had been ironically called "the Pullman Car to Heaven," or popularly, the "Pullman Car Church", referring no doubt to its cushioned comfort, as well as to the railway magnates connected with its erection and maintenance.

There was sadness connected with all this, for there was naturally a cleavage in the congregation; and there were some who had "walked in the house of God as friends," who walked there no more, and who were sorrowfully missed.

No doubt there were many honest members of the Church, who, while entertaining only kindly sentiments toward "the poor and the stranger," were not anxious to find them represented in person and ensconced in pews valued for many different reasons by the owners. To these the conscience of their rector must have seemed an "unmitigated bore"; it is therefore of real interest to note a passage, one of several bearing upon this question, in the late Canon Vernon's book, "The old Church in the new Dominion."

"The pews in the Cathedral (Winnipeg) had always been rented, but in 1847 the Church of the Holy Trinity was erected, as the gift of 5,000 pounds from an anonymous donor, made through the Bishop of Ripon, on the understanding that the seats "were to be free and unappropriated for ever." We note the **for ever**.

My father was not alone in the position he had felt constrained to take, and letters of congratulation poured in upon him from far and near; there were many who rejoiced with the Rector and the devoted members of the congregation who had "held up his hands."

One of these letters was especially prized; it came from a well-known "priest" of saintly character resembling in many ways that of St. Francis of Assissi. The letter coming from one who carried on his own work for the Master but a few blocks away, carried the loving ring of a true "brother in Christ."

That the new system was a phenomenal success would seem to be clearly indicated by a great service of Thanksgiving held on All Saints' Day, 1903, when St. Martin's was freed from the Debt which had been such a millstone about the neck of rector and congregation; and consecrated at last with much rejoicing.

I well remember the thrilling events which preceded this great Consecration Festival, the money pouring in, sometimes in large cheques, more often in small amounts; here, the savings of an unselfish business girl; there, the offering of an eager Sunday School class; all testifying to the beautiful spirit "shed abroad in their hearts."

A shortage was made up at the last moment by an influential business man, with the caustic comment that "he had not much use for religion, but he did admire that man Troop!"

It is well to remember here that this valiant congregation had, while steadily reducing the Church Debt, given largely to missionary and philanthropic work; all without bazaars, concerts, or sales of any sort.

And so another dream had been fulfilled. We think this Warrior bore an invisible but truly royal standard. Early in its history we saw emblazoned upon its "shining folds" the stern motto "No compromise;" later we beheld the glorious challenge, "Free to the poor and the stranger for ever;" now another precept, often upon the lips of the Warrior, unrolls its glittering characters.

Having written these words, I fell to contemplating (rather in the manner of John Bunyan with his pilgrim) the exceeding fairness of this banner; thinking of him who had passed with it, "beyond the Veil," when lo! fresh lettering of starry brightness now appeared; not effacing, but gradually dominating all the rest; and trembling, I recognized the daring cry of the great Apostle to the Gentiles, so beloved by the standard-bearer: "All are one in Christ Jesus."

One might think that now the Warrior might rest for a space upon his laurels, but the eyes of the Prophet were always searching out the far countries of the Spirit for himself, and his beloved people.

Ever was his spirit possessed by a "divine discontent;" always he dreamed of greater blessing, greater opportunities for usefulness. How often we have heard him pray that the "Windows of Heaven might open, and pour out a blessing that there should not be room enough to receive it.—"

1907 was marked by a great congregational reception and presentation in honour of the Rector's twenty-first anniversary. My mother's health had given cause for grave anxiety during the previous year, and a trip to Switzerland, with some time in England, had done much to restore her. How plainly we see again her gentle, gracious acceptance of a huge bouquet of glorious red roses, as she requested my father to voice her gratitude.

We doubt if her health ever really returned to its normal condition. Always more interested in others and their affairs than in her own sweet self, she made light of her own weariness and pain, but we think she was steadily failing, after a brief period of apparent restoration.

1912 brought the shattering blow of her death, and my father was left without the strong, tender comrade of thirty-eight years. How his thought must have travelled back to the happy Halifax days, when his bride-to-be had caused him to "tread on air," as he often described it, such a truly boyish ring in his voice, with her shy "yes!"

She had stood at his side through every joy, every disappointment, never failing him, giving herself, with the great "outward fling" of her strong, generous nature, to her loved ones, to her Church, and to her God.

A very favourite hymn of hers was St. Bernard's

Jesu, the very thought of Thee
With sweetness fills the breast,
But sweeter far Thy Face to see,
And in Thy Presence rest.

She now knew the cheering sunlight of the "nearer Presence."

She dearly loved the work of the Chancel Guild at St. Martin's, and a beautiful brass arch, engraven with the words, "I will make the place of My Feet glorious," stands there, a fitting memorial of her lovely life.

My father spent some months in Banff, bravely trying to adjust himself to the changed circumstances of his life. He had known sorrow, for his mother's death some years before had been an overwhelming grief; and he had parted from friends and relatives who were infinitely dear to him; but this was the scorch of sorrow such as he had never known.

There was a certain healing in the glory of Nature, revealed in mountain and river, in dazzling glacier and thundering cataract, but we think the first real comfort came, as he stood in the lovely little church in Banff, once more to preach the "Everlasting Gospel."

One is reminded of Lowell's famous lines, copied by my father much later,—

One step beyond life's work-day things;
 One, more beat of the soul's broad wings,
 One deep sorrow sometime brings;
 The Spirit into that great Vast
 Where neither future is, nor past;
 None knoweth how he entered there,
 But waking, finds his spirit where
 He thought an angel could not soar;
 And what he called false dreams before,
 The very air abou this door!

A new throb sounded in his message, and other grief-stricken souls were quick to recognize this note. And human comfort was on its way. Miss Elizabeth Robe Uniacke, a dear and life-long friend of my mother wrote to him from England. Lonely and sad herself, having suffered a recent bereavement, she wrote to him out of her own deep understanding; and a correspondence developed, bringing increasing comfort and companionship to two who had not met for years.

Gradually, simply, softly, as the unfolding of a flower, out of this was born the thought: "Why should not two lonely souls, united by a common sorrow, by a common love, spend the remainder of their lives together!"

Miss Uniacke was quite ready to give up her London home; to join my father in Montreal, and to take up the work laid down by one so dear to her; but this seemed unwise when thoughtfully considered. The Montreal ministry now covered a period of twenty-seven years. He who had arrived in the splendour of his youth and vigour had now reached the age of sixty. While we doubt if the Warrior gave this any consideration himself, we know that he was weary. After much thought and prayer he resigned his rectorship, and decided to sail for England.

This startling decision naturally roused an immense amount of criticism as well as sorrow, but his mind once made up, his course lay clear before him, and he bore the wounds of his friends with a patience and gentleness of bearing which further endeared him to those, who with supreme confidence in their friend and pastor, knew that he would take no step without Divine guidance; a confidence which after events fully justified.

Some words from the beautiful address given him by St. Martin's Church on the eve of his departure speak for themselves:—

For twenty-seven years you have been our friend and guide, giving freely the best years of your life to us, your people.

From your lips we have learned lessons of faith, hope, love and courage. You have preached not yourself but Christ Jesus your Lord, and have constantly upheld Him as the only and all-sufficient Saviour.....

We bid you farewell with unfeigned sorrow, our comfort being that the friendship between us will outlast time, and extend into Eternity.—

As we picture him alone in the quiet hours succeeding the rush and excitement of impending departure, with its touching farewells, and tender wishes, we dare not search out the anguish of the wrench of parting, nor the memories of those twenty-seven years, which must have flocked about him like birds; those memories with their glory, aye, and their **scars**, the honourable scars of the “Happy Warrior.”

As with him we feel the salt breezes upon our faces, and the long swell of the sea beneath the great liner, we recall some words he dearly loved and copied into one of his famous “Books of Remembrance.”

The ocean like a dreamless child is sleeping,
Hushed in the hollow of Thy mighty Hand;
One Star a-tremble in the West is keeping
Lone watch on all Night’s silent border land.
Enter, dear Lord; our loaf is yet unbroken,
We yearn to hear Thy “Peace be with you” spoken,
Abide with us, O Lord !



INDIAN SUMMER

I am not aged, I am just beginning
Through God's great Universe to make my way
With soul alert, onspeeding toward a day
Undimmed by night.

—Author Unknown

INDIAN SUMMER

After the quiet marriage ceremony, the two who had been so mysteriously drawn together remained at Stanhope Gardens, in London, for several months.

It has been suggested that the warrior might be a bit weary, but not until years afterward did his friends in Canada realize how deep-seated that weariness was. Physically, he could never have been called robust, although he was fortunately endowed with comparatively good health, which had been forced to meet very great demands; this was naturally helped out by an abstemious life and simple tastes.

He had known many bitter griefs and disappointments not touched upon in these recollections, and he had known what is perhaps the most poignant of all sorrows, to one of his temperament; that of being often misunderstood. He had known something of that doubtful boon, popularity; but his message could never be really popular, and we think that there were moments in which he was able to enter into the supreme loneliness of that quiet statement:—"Many.....went back and walked no more with him." His "radiant mien" was seldom shadowed, so that I recall very distinctly my own surprise when my mother (one of whose most lovable qualities was an almost fierce loyalty to those she loved) revealed to me her own convictions regarding suffering she believed him to have silently endured.

Dr. Jones has once more a few suggestive sentences:—"To be a prophet at all, he must be a sensitive soul.....Even those who love him, and appreciate him, only half see his true purpose, and thus he feels alone, and solitary, though he may be in the thick of the throng." The writer continues:—"While he lived he was sure of only one Friend who completely understood him, and approved his course, and that was his invisible Friend." I once read these words aloud in my father's presence, offering little comment, and he too, was rather quiet; nevertheless, I was acutely conscious of the immediate response of his whole being.

The strain of years was now perhaps too suddenly lifted; heavy responsibilities were removed; sympathetic

and congenial companionship was once again always at hand; and his heart, from boyhood a cause of anxiety, asserted itself in rather alarming symptoms, so much so indeed, that for a time, the sudden conclusion of a new found happiness seemed all too clearly indicated.

The advice of competent London doctors, however, proved efficacious, and presently there was an encouraging improvement in his condition, to the intense relief of my stepmother, whose loving care during these months was no doubt largely responsible, under Providence, for the subsequent years of her husband's fruitful ministry.

With returning health, my father's thoughts turned to his beloved work; and he gladly accepted invitations to speak in London, and in other parts of England; but he soon became eager for definite work, and the happy thought occurred to him of securing a Continental chaplaincy, which while providing the desired work, and a small income for one who had always been proud to be an "earner," would also include something in the nature of a holiday for both. Negotiations with this end in view were apparently well on the way to a satisfactory conclusion, when the outbreak of the Great War put a sudden stop to them.

Shortly afterwards, the vicarage of Felbridge, a village near East Grinstead, Sussex, was unexpectedly offered to him, and after due consideration and consultation, accepted.

A diary of this period records events with what seems at first sight a disconcerting brevity; but as we look more closely into this simple chronicle, we are rewarded by an exquisite picture, often reminiscent of Mrs. Gaskell or even of Jane Austen, in such charming touches as, for example:—"The frost permitted us to use the wood-path." This picture comes to us first in no bold outlines, or vivid colours; but rather in the delicate and misty pastel shades we have come of late to associate with Margaret Tarrant's lovely work; and the children she so tenderly portrays are not missing here, for they flit in and out, while the angels may often be discerned in the background, provided we, like Alice Meynell, are gifted with "winged eyes."

Before us unfolds the busy, kindly life of an English country vicarage; with its visits to the village school, the "beef and faggot meetings," occasional long interviews with "our local suffragette," now and then a morning spent in the garden, picking strawberries and gooseberries, (the writer will be pardoned for a smile caused by a vision

of the vicar in this capacity) and much reading aloud of literature, sometimes heavy, sometimes light, with tea on the lawn, beneath the giant trees. This tranquil, pleasant home life, surely unparalleled in any other part of the world, is enlivened by the perpetual commotion of catching the 10.26, shall we say, for London, or meeting the 5.48, and by the constant sending and receiving of "wires", so typical of country life in the Motherland.

The scented breath of the English Spring is often wafted to us from between these pages in all the freshness of its bud and blossom. Her snowy heralds appear with the announcement in February that "Snowdrops are out in abundance," and in the middle of May we find "the first rose on the church wall." Who that has known the haunting loveliness of that summer with its "roses on the wall," and its spraying honeysuckle in those lanes of which every poet at some time sings, can read this brief note unmoved?

As we drink deep at the well of all this beauty, Van Dyke's gracious lines come into our minds:—

Music of birds, murmur of little rills,
And after showers
The smell of flowers
And of the good brown earth,
And best of all, along the way,
Friendship and mirth.

The "way" had always revealed friendship for these two, if not always overflowing mirth. Dear friends and relatives of both were within motoring distance, so that delightful excursions were sometimes possible, the car on these occasions often piled high with fragrant messengers from the great vicarage garden. The Vicar might be a prophet, but he was no hermit, and he revelled in these short trips, and the happy intercourse involved.

In Felbridge too, were friends whose kindly welcome and congenial society were to brighten all the "way." It was Kingsley who said:—"It is only the great-hearted who can be true friends." Great hearts must have met here, for the glow of these fires of love and friendship shone steadily upon all the rest of the "way," undimmed by separation, deepening with the passing years.

It is pleasant to linger here, happily watching all these "gentle doings," yet we know that no true story of our earthly experience is without its underlying note of pathos, and few pages of the diary lack the suggestion of his minor chord.

The aged figure of a well-known villager, who had lived for eighty years in the dark, being blind from birth, yet strong in spiritual vision, with a passionate love of music, and deeply ambitious where the "unsearchable riches" were concerned, appears continually. My father often spoke in after years of this venerable member of his Felbridge congregation, with love and admiration, being deeply touched by the complete inability to imagine what sunlight, for example, might be. The many conversations of these two brought the sunshine of the spirit to both, for each was overjoyed to drink at the well of the other's experience. There are certain joyful occasions when the brave "ancient" is wheeled to the church where he sits at the base of the pulpit and, in the lovely words of the psalmist, "drinking of the brook in the way," truly "lifts up his head." Before the account of these days closes, "the day breaks, and the shadows flee away," for he who had never beheld the pageant of the seasons, or the glory of a young moon, had passed into the Eternal Sunlight.

Here, too, we have unfolded the heroic struggle of a village schoolmaster, standing firmly at his post, while facing serious illness, his own certainty of the outcome shadowing the future, not for himself alone. The day comes when he must lay aside his work, and with a last wistful look into the bright uncomprehending eyes of his pupils, he gives up the struggle, and it is not long before he too enters that country "whose inhabitant shall not say 'I am sick.'" There are evidences of the esteem in which he is held, and of much tender sympathy for the heart-broken widow; but we think that the Vicar, who had stood by so many mourners across the sea, brought with him something of the "peace which passeth all understanding," as he crossed the threshold of that desolate home.

Then there is one Christmas Eve; O night of sweetest and most mysterious magic; of whispers and rustlings, of lighted candles, and songs of peace! There is a certain little "Rosie", a patient invalid these many months. Outside her window a joyous band of fresh-voiced "choir-children," accompanied by the vicar and his wife, sing Christmas carols, afterwards bursting in upon the surprised and delighted child, in a whirl of good wishes and dainty gifts. Surely the angels were "bending near the earth" at that moment. My father closes the story with "It was quite ideal." So the story of Life weaves itself

in and out of the picture, in alternate sunlight and shadow, but alas! the fair canvas is cruelly rent in many places by the ruthless fingers of War.

Those grim fingers soon reach into the quiet vicarage household and our first reminder of them has its quaint side. The old-fashioned house and large grounds necessitated quite a staff, and we find the lure of war work making its many-sided appeal to the employees. My father always refers to these household matters with befitting dignity, thus:- "Great unrest in our domestic life," and later we feel his deep sigh of relief, as he writes, "Light dawning on our domestic darkness!"

There is the little housemaid who marries a corporal, home on leave, and after a short honeymoon, returns to her work at the vicarage. Poor little war-bride! We wonder had the love story a happy ending or does a rude cross mark the young husband's grave "somewhere in Flanders?"

We find the Parish Room in regular use for war work, and a great "Red Cross Day" proves a huge success, financially and socially, after much exhausting preparation, gladly overseen, apparently, by the lady of the vicarage. There is a "Laus Deo!" after the figures of the sum raised by this enterprise. Into all this come, from time to time, such staccato notes as—"Bad air-raid last night," or "Two Zeps brought down today!"

The Vicar shared personally in the anxiety of the people, for two sons of his own were in England on their way to France; and he welcomed them with mingled pride and anxiety as they returned to Felbridge on occasional visits of short leave.

Alas! we are aware with increasing frequency of the scorching breath of the casualty list. The peaceful little Sussex village felt, in common with all England, the toll taken of the flower of its young manhood, and we now find such notes as:- "Funeral this afternoon of Private S. Firing party and Last Post." We find dear friends and neighbours receiving the laconic message which for them blots out the sunlight, and the vicar and his wife suffer with them in the overwhelming grief borne with the astounding fortitude characteristic of these members of a great nation.

Into this "crimson twilight" suddenly falls a "touch of infinite calm" with these words:—"Church beautifully decorated, and waiting in quiet solemnity for the Easter morning; May God prepare for us a rich blessing!"

Easter Eve once more! The weary old world might be staggering under its hideous load of suffering and sorrow, hearts breaking, hopes dying; but the trumpet of the Easter message would be sounded in ten thousand pulpits, the flute-like voices of white-robed English choristers would carol "Christ the Lord is risen to-day!" and deep-toned organs would send the majestic chords of the "Hallelujah Chorus" pealing through the dim aisles and lofty arches of those great cathedrals whose spires stand like tall sentinels of the spirit all over the land.

Out of all the blood-stained, muddy, shell-shocked misery called War, what a cry must have gone up to Heaven's gate that Easter Eve; yet, as our hearts fail us, and we whisper with dry lips, "Why?" the mighty thunder of words which always caused this man to "lift up his heart" rebukes our want of faith:—"I am He that liveth, and *was* dead, and behold, I am alive for evermore, and have the keys of hell and of death." Many who read these recollections will recall the stirring sermons which were based upon this great theme.

My stepmother, a thoughtful, clever woman, with a shrewd knowledge of human nature, partly the result of many years of travel, had at once recognized the amazing spirituality of her husband; and with a whole-heartedness fully understood and appreciated by my father, though by no means apparent to the casual observer, she gave herself to the sympathetic support of what she believed spiritual genius; removing obstacles from its path whenever and wherever possible. Possessed of a large income, and real business ability, she was almost a Spartan in temperament, caring little for personal comfort, but she strove to surround her husband with what she so little valued herself; and attended to all detail in connection with house and grounds, thus setting him free to give his whole attention to the work for which he was so eminently fitted. In this genial atmosphere my father's gifts expanded like veritable flowers in the sunlight, and a true "Indian Summer" was the rich result.

The unselfish partner in the ripe harvest rejoiced as she watched the fulfilment of her hopes, for she said afterwards that the power of the sermons at this time made her desire more scope for the preacher. She once described to me very vividly a Sunday service at which, after speaking with extraordinary spiritual force and vision, he remained kneeling for so long lost in prayerful contemplation that for a moment her heart almost stopped beating, as

she wondered if perhaps his radiant spirit had winged its way back to the Creator, and that it might be indeed a case of "Enoch walked with God."

We now find what we should expect; an ever increasing number of contacts. There are continual notes of addresses, sermons, and often of work always especially dear to him, that of missions; for the "Indian Summer" sent its glow over a considerable area, and there are engagements recorded for London, Bristol, Brighton, Folkestone, Enderley, Wimbledon, Woking, Clifton, Dorchester, and other places of interest, while many are the beautiful testimonials to this later fruitfulness, gratefully preserved.

In spite of the dark shadow of the War, we are conscious of the intense happiness of these days, so that it is with something of a shock that we find them in 1918, bidding regretful farewell to the church of St. John the Divine, and all the friends in Felbridge and far beyond it, and sailing once more for the "Land of the Maple Leaf."

A "surprise party" composed of "a most touching assembly of the people" bringing greetings, and a presentation in the form of a substantial cheque, a few days before their departure, left them breathless, and we rather think a little tearful; but steady correspondence throughout the ensuing years kept memories green and fresh, and "none of the fragments were lost."

The travellers arrived in Halifax in June 1918, and my father preached in the historic St. Paul's, morning and evening, "surrounded by the saints" indeed, and by how many memories; memories which lay "too deep for tears;" and after a motor trip through the beautiful Annapolis Valley, which was the gift of an interested relative, they visited Montreal, where the Rector Emeritus of St. Martin's stood once more in his old pulpit, and afterwards greeted many friends; then Toronto and Winnipeg, "occupying pulpits" in these centres as well; until finally they arrived in Calgary on July 16th, where the sometime Vicar of Felbridge was to take charge of St. Stephen's Church, during the Rector's holiday,—the well-known Canon Willis G. James, now Rector of St. Thomas' Church, St. Catharines, Ontario.

I had not seen my father for five years, and I was at once conscious of certain alterations in his bearing. The wistfulness which was so marked when we had last beheld him face to face, seemed to a great extent replaced by a

kind of buoyancy and even vivacity, which held something of the joy and spring of youth, yet with the richness of experience deepening this brightness. At the same time, there was a very noticeable frailty, and we often observed absent-mindedness during ordinary conversation; but the moment a deeper note was struck, he flashed into instant life and interest.

On the following Sunday morning, when he appeared in the quiet dignity of his robes, many in the assembly were struck by the fragility of his aspect, but many too were conscious of something impossible to describe, which seemed to emanate from him, something which touched into sudden life a chord unknown before, in the hidden recesses of their own souls. Tersteegen's sweet, old-fashioned words seem to describe this impression, and we quote them here:—

And thus, thou wilt become a clear heaven of the ever-blessed God, in which He will dwell, and which He will fill with His divine light and love, and in which He will be glorified in time and in eternity.

As he gave out his text:—"Sir, we would see Jesus," I was aware of a new note of authority in the white-haired preacher's handling of the great subject, and there were some in the quiet House of God that bright summer morning, who caught a fresh vision of the "luminous Figure of the Nazarene."

As later, his face alight, he dispensed the emblems of his Master's love, glorious old words came unbidden to them with new meaning—"He brought me to His banqueting house, and His banner over me was love."

In November, they departed for Vancouver, where my father was to have charge of St. Mark's Church, during the absence of the rector, the Rev. A. H. Sovereign, now Bishop of Athabasca, while he went overseas as Chaplain.

There was but one shadow upon this happy ministry in Vancouver, that of the increasing delicacy of my stepmother; and against the background of a flourishing modern church organization, with a flood of triumphant young life especially manifest, we see standing out in sharp relief, the tender devotion and kindly ministrations of these new friends and parishioners on the one hand, and on the other, the quiet heroism of one whose grip on life was steadily weakening, unrealized by herself or her husband.

Several years later, my father, then living in Halifax, was the delighted recipient of quite a long letter from the attractive young daughter of one of these families, written as she sat in all the glory of her bridal array, awaiting the car that was to convey her to St. Marks' and her happy bridegroom—This thoughtful bride could never know how much joy the letter written out of the fulness of her heart on this great day—gave to her old friend who deeply valued her sweet confidence.

In August 1919, a stop was made in Calgary en-route to Toronto, where the travellers expected to make their new home. My step-mother was very ill when she arrived, but not wishing to enter a hospital, went to the home of friends, her hostess being a competent trained nurse, in whom she had especial confidence.

My father had arranged to conduct a mission in Edmonton for the Rev. Christopher Carruthers, now Rector of Holy Trinity, Winnipeg; and his wife, ill as she was, implored him to carry out his original intention, which with many misgivings he finally consented to do.

Although at times suffering intensely, her breathing much oppressed, and unable to sleep except under the influence of narcotics, this brave woman, the fit descendant of a family of great traditions, managed to scribble tiny messages to my father during the week of his absence, in order that he might be relieved of anxiety, and her thoughts were continually of him; wondering whether his hosts would secure sufficient rest for the missioner between addresses, hoping that his anxiety would in no way hamper his work, and so forth, until those who watched over her found it hard to endure dry-eyed.

My father returned on Monday morning, by the earliest possible train, to find her somewhat better, and able to greet him with delight. Later in the day, a rest being prescribed for her, I was preparing a light repast for him in our own home, when a sudden telephone message caused him to dash out of the house like a flash of lightning. I followed a few moments later, naturally with the gravest apprehensions. As I drew near the house, an unforgettable picture was sharply etched upon my mind of a tall, lonely figure, silhouetted against the evening light which lay like the smile of Heaven all over the earth. Nature's daring brushes were busy with the sky, painting it with the fiery colours he so dearly loved, but for once

he saw them not, as with a bewildered look which went to my heart, he said quietly, over and over again: "She's gone, she's gone!"

The five short years of happy companionship which had meant so much to both were over, and she who had given the loving devotion of her maturer life had "passed on" ahead of one ten years her senior.

My father went to Toronto and to the Church of the Messiah as planned, but with what a sense of loss shadowing the opening of work which both had eagerly anticipated.

Here as we have found so often, were great-hearted friends helping to bear the heavy burdens. This church was to have a very special place in my father's regard, and he found balm in the work he loved, and in the tender understanding and support of friends new and old, but his frailty was very noticeable, and doctors strongly advised a trip to the West Indies, as preventive of a possible, even probable, break-down. One of his sons having been recently stationed in Kingston, Jamaica, in connection with the Royal Bank of Canada, the year 1920 ushered in a three months holiday, unique in the experience of one who was already rich in memories.

The sight of the little family upon the wharf when he arrived "tired, but thankful," was a pleasant one to his eyes. Home-life had always meant much to him, and there were beloved grand-children here, with their sweet unconscious healing touch. He was much impressed by the beauty of "the charming home with wonderful surroundings, and the mountains forming an inspiring background."

A pleasant social life was a marked characteristic of this experience, with many receptions, week-end trips, and delightful motor drives; sometimes tea on board the private yacht of some wealthy American, or refreshing picnics on the sea-shore. There was the constant coming and going of many travellers and tourists, and some of England's noble names, and those of their best-known American cousins appear upon the pages of the diary. There is food for thought here, as we consider the probable impression made upon these pleasant sojourners, denizens of the great world, and for the most part but faintly interested in matters spiritual, by this Canadian, who, sometimes happily termed "universal", bore so unmistakably upon his lofty brow the stamp of "other-worldliness."

But we know from past experience that we shall find the prophet at work sooner or later, thus we are not surprised to note an invitation from the Bishop for an address at the Diocesan Synod Public Meeting, early in February; and almost immediately we find him preaching twice a Sunday in one of the happiest experiences of his varied life.

"St. Luke's", "St. Matthews," "St. George's," "St. Michael's," to all of these he gladly goes, and we read of "overflowing congregations" recalling memories of "olden days."

On Good Friday he conducted the "Three Hours Service," at St. Luke's, "feeling it a wonderful and sacred privilege." The Atonement was a steady fire underlying his whole life and work, and at such a time as this; with quiet responsive listeners, hushed once again by the remembrance of the Seven Last Words, this fire burst into flame, as he poured out his tender, reverent meditations. The Sin of the World was a great and awful fact to him, and he often agonized in prayer for the whole world. All the great souls of the ages have at some time known the anguish of the world's burden of sorrow, if not of its sin; but this man felt the load of both pressing upon his heart. In exact proportion to his realization of the one fact, was his triumphant joy in the other; the glory of the Atonement. To the writer it always seemed that he rose to his greatest heights on such occasions, as with glowing face, he dwelt upon the great Redeemer's Love, always closing on a note of triumph, as he emphasized the empty cross, and the radiance of the Resurrection. From the depths of his burning heart he cried:-

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were an offering far too small,
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

He preached at St. Michael's in the evening, and "after service enjoyed a lovely drive along the sea shore."

I like to picture this happy close of what he sums up as "a memorable day." We know that he must have been very weary, but we know too, that as he heard in a kind of dream, the booming of the sea upon the shore mingling with the bright voices of his young companions, he was "girt about" with that amazing garment of light in which the Master clothes his true messengers "at even-

tide"; an experience which once a man has known it, extinguishes all doubt, and leaves him forever independent of the world's praise or blame.

The prophet Daniel, whose book was ever a source of inspiration to my father, knew this experience long before the Incarnation.

How the superb simplicity of the inspired Literature, translation though it be, startles us with the description of it!-

Then there came again and touched me one like the appearance of a man, and he strengthened me, And said: O man greatly beloved fear not; peace be unto thee, be strong, yea, be strong. And when he had spoken unto me I was strengthened.....Dan. 10. 18. 19.

On Saturday April 10, he bade the family so dear to him good-bye "with a wistful heart" and sailed for New York, full of gratitude for those happy months.

A farewell reception given for him at St. Luke's, a few days before, had touched him deeply, and he says, mentioning the Bishop and several of the clergy:- "They all spoke in the kindest way." There is a naive note of surprise here, or something very like it!

In New York, where he spent a short but much enjoyed time with his brother, he mentions with real delight, seeing John Drinkwater's "Abraham Lincoln," and adds, "I shall always be thankful for what I saw and heard."

He had bidden his kind friends in Jamaica good-bye "with a wistful heart" but he arrived in Toronto on a Sunday morning "in brilliant sunshine," and the short account of the day is like a peal of joyous bells.

Met by two of the "stalwarts" from the Church of the Messiah, in whom he delighted, he was carried off to breakfast with much rejoicing, and at eleven, preached to "a congregation of sympathetic people and felt assured of a place in their hearts." He closes the summary with these grateful words, "A lovely and memorable day. To God indeed be all the praise!"

A shadow falls across the ensuing busy days, filled with many interests, and cheering new contacts, with his quite serious illness toward the end of May.

An entry occurs under May 29 which carries a note of amazement, "No possibility of being out for Sunday Have had real illness," and one date bears these words only:- "Faint but pursuing."

His convalescence took place under the happiest circumstances, in Hillcrest Convalescent Hospital, and was greatly cheered by the constant visits of many friends, but an idea was taking root in his mind, which was the natural outcome of this experience, for looking matters squarely in the face, he could hardly fail to realize that his physical strength was no longer equal to the responsibilities entailed by a rectorship, no matter how much he might wish to undertake them. He had no desire for retirement from his life-work,—he cried from his heart,—“I am not aged, I am just beginning,

Through God’s great Universe to make my way,” but he longed now to be free to give his message wherever he might be “led.” We think, too, that he began to long for a home, as the shadows lengthened across the path, and he knew a welcome always awaited him in Halifax, so he decided to make his home or headquarters, as indeed it turned out to be, in the “little old city by the sea,” where he had begun his ministry so long ago.

His sermon on the eve of departure from a truly beloved church and congregation (where the young Rector-elect, Ramsay Armitage, son of the late Archdeacon Armitage, had “been as a son to him” and was especially dear) preached on January 2nd, 1921, opened with these words—“It is at a striking and suggestive moment that we are about to separate in one sense, and for a time, as minister and people. We stand upon the threshold of the New Year. We have stepped out from the past; we are stepping forward into the future—into the new. God grant that upon every one of us here present His Face may shine in Christ Jesus, giving us the light of the knowledge of His glory more and more by the Holy Spirit even unto the perfect day.” The great theme of this sermon is “Seek ye first the Kingdom of God, and His Righteousness,” words which were afterwards inscribed over the chancel in the Church of the Messiah in memory of this parting message. Nothing could have given him greater delight than this perpetuation of the royal watchword; but other beautiful presentations of a more personal character were deeply appreciated and always treasured.

And so Evangelist, perhaps with fingers that shook a little, cut away his last parochial mooring, and fared forth, his steady eyes on that Light which he had been following for well-nigh fifty years.

As we watch him at this “parting of the ways,” our own eyes misty with sympathy, they are suddenly “wing-

ed," and lo! the path ahead is one long trail of light; it wends its shining way up high hills, and through deep valleys, and is finally merged and lost in the greater splendour of light so dazzling that we must veil our eyes, though we would fain see more of this glory. The radiance all about us is in some strange fashion full of living presence, (is it, perhaps, "so great a cloud of witnesses"?) and dimly we become aware of some great refrain proceeding from this assembly, which gradually resolves itself into familiar words:—"The path of the just is as the shining light that shineth more and more unto the perfect day."

Daring at last to look up, we see the light of that Perfect Day shining full into Evangelist's transfigured face, and "lifting up our hearts," we hear his own well remembered and beloved accents, as he exclaims in the old reassuring tones, "FEAR NOT!"

SUNSET and EVENING STAR

I cannot feel that thou art far,
Since near at hand the angels are;
And when the sunset gates unbar
Shall I not see thee waiting stand,
And white against the evening star,
The welcome of thy beckoning hand!

—*T. G. Whittier.*

SUNSET AND EVENING STAR

Those who have sympathetically followed the story thus far (and only sympathetic eyes are likely ever to rest upon its pages) will understand the mingled feelings with which the chronicler now takes up the last shining strands for the final weaving. The opening words of one of Shakespeare's lovely sonnets have rung much in my ears these last few weeks:

When to the sessions of sweet silent thought
I summon up remembrance of things past."

How many such "sessions" have gone into the assembling of these recollections! Some of them, indeed, have necessitated intense retrospective effort, but the memories of these years upon which we now concentrate need no "summons"; so closely they press in upon us, so rich and fresh they are, that the brushing of their bright wings is sometimes hard to bear.

Over all these meditations however, a thought has hovered, now luminous as the evening star itself, now lost in obscuring mists, alluring as some will-o-the-wisp, ever drawing us on, until it emerges triumphant; and we are met, not by some charming fantasy or radiant vision; but by the pure dignity of a truth, far-reaching in its implications and possibilities.

With the hope that what has been thus clearly revealed may be of comfort to some lonely or disheartened pilgrim, we do now briefly set down its import.

This life was given to the Master "unreservedly", one of my father's favourite and most characteristic expressions. He had, in the words of Horace Bushnell, "put himself in where the Power is." Such a life, such a man, follows a pattern, "showed to him in the Mount," perhaps only dimly realized by him who yet follows it.

As I have followed this unusual life's remarkable output, and steady inward progress, I have been lifted out of the inevitable wistfulness resultant upon such a study, by the amazing perception that the separate strands were all working into each other in a beautiful order; so that what might once have caused a sigh or even a tear,

is now seen as not really marring the graciousness of the design, but as adding depth of shadow here; or sharpness of outline there; until at last in a burst of comprehension we become conscious of the Eternal Harmonies with which it is possible for our human nature to unite. As this glad certainty is borne in upon us, we do indeed realize that we are only touching the fringe of a great truth, but we grasp the fringe; and, as our souls are flooded with the infinite joy flowing from that contact, involuntarily we cry; "Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God of hosts, Heaven and Earth are full of Thy Glory!"

Those who are familiar with Mrs. Meynell's "To a Daisy," will remember the lines;

O daisy mine, what will it be to look
From God's side even of such a simple thing?

As we pause for a moment upon this cheering thought of the pattern, we think of what it might be to "look from God's side" upon a life. The thought is too big for us; we cannot hold it long; but we are dimly aware of a startling difference in standards, as we take refuge in the sublimity of Isaiah's inspired "My thoughts are not your thoughts neither are your ways My ways!"

Thinking thus, I like to picture this last decade of my father's consecrated life as personifying Bonar's valiant song:

Girt with the love of God on every side,
Breathing that love as Heaven's own healing air,
I work or wait, still following my Guide,
Braving each foe, escaping every snare.

If we have been living over again in spirit these "days that are gone," we have been sometimes happily conscious of Spring's gentle breezes, we have even been drawn close to Summer's warm fragrant heart; but the breath that rises from these later diaries comes "softer than gale at morning prime" with the imprimatur of the Spirit; carrying with it the freshness and promise of what the writer of them loved to call the "Better Country"; so much so, that we are continually reminded of lines occurring in the well-known hymn he so often requested as prelude to addresses, forever associated with him in many minds:-

Breathe on me, Breath of God,
Till I am wholly Thine;
Until this earthly part of me
Glow with Thy fire divine.

This glow so permeates the simple records that we feel he literally "breathed" love, and we cannot escape the conviction that to this "healing air" he owed the astonishing vigour of mind and body which permitted him to undertake the really heavy work of these years, with the travelling entailed; in spite of his increasing years a weak heart, and various lesser physical handicaps. He has noted the saying of an anonymous writer; "Love the greatest word of all! Greatest because Love is the mother of both Faith and Hope." Of Faith another has beautifully said:

Faith is a grasping of Almighty Power,
The hand of man laid on the arm of God.

So it was with this man, for I have often heard him describe the Christian's daily walk in much these terms; and listening, one knew that he spoke out of actual experience.

His faith now seemed indeed like one of those exquisitely clear "Lakes in the Clouds," so easily reached from Lake Louise in the Rockies, which gave him such delight in 1913; where the climber's entranced gaze, resting first upon the lustrous waters of his indescribably lovely goal, travels from one snow-capped mountain peak to another, while all about him is the "light of sapphire skies," and the very air seems charged with light as well as life.

No shadows of doubt crossed the clear depths of this faith of his; only Heaven's own reflections were mirrored there; and this clear, strong faith, with the optimism which was its natural outcome gave him countless opportunities of ministering to grief-stricken or doubt-harassed souls; for he was continually being asked to write to some bereaved or perplexed one whom he had never seen, and he could sometimes help, where the most earnest and loving efforts had failed. A brilliant young friend whom he first met during the Halifax summers, has reminded me of a story typical not only of his powers in this direction, but of the individual interest he was always ready to give along the way.

Returning from town one hot summer afternoon, he came suddenly upon a tired young postman, sitting under a tree, his heavy bag beside him, as he snatched a few moments rest, and mopped a heated brow. There was that in his bearing, which suggested to my father's experienced eye discouragement as well as exhaustion, and it was not long before he was listening to a set of problems

which fully accounted for an honest, simple-hearted man's perplexity. The wayfarer had, however, met one whose chief joy was to be "a strong hand in the dark to another in the time of need;" and he found himself invited to spend the following evening with a host who proved to be indeed for him "a cup of strength in a crisis of weakness."

Characteristic is the fact that an invitation from very dear friends for a whole day's pleasure was declined in order that he might help one whom he had never seen before, and who was a Roman Catholic.

A favourite subject for sermons we find noted: "Christ's loving interest in the individual flower, bird, child or sinner;" which seems suggestive at this point; but whether he was consciously "following the blessed steps of His most holy life" or not, he assuredly knew the "Glory of Life."

The closing words of a letter from Bishop Moule, written in 1919 seem truly prophetic: "I reverently commit you to Him, this slain, risen, reigning Lord Jesus—one thing I seem to know, He will more than ever use you for Himself. As the man versed in great grief, He will give you messages for other hearts of peculiar joy and living hope. As you find this out, you will more and more say, "Blessed be the Name of the Lord!" After good wishes for the intended trip to Jamaica comes the signature, "Ever yours in Christ our All. Handley Duneelm."

Children were often quick to recognize the atmosphere of "love's healing air" surrounding him. In 1921, calling at the home of a friend in Halifax, he chanced to visit the nursery, two beloved grandchildren having been entertained there for the afternoon. A tiny girl, the baby daughter of the kind hostess, who had never seen the tall, white-haired, black-robed visitor in all her little life, suddenly entering the room, immediately leapt into his arms, her own outstretched, uttering no word, but showing neither surprise nor shyness.

Trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God, who is our home:
Heaven lies about us in our infancy!

Did clouds of glory meet in that spontaneous embrace?

Several years later, as he was going down a certain street in Toronto, he evidently smiled at a little child with the sweetness natural to him. The little one rushed

in to her mother crying "Oh Mummie, Mummie, come quickly, I've just seen the Lord Jesus!" The mother looked out of the window and saw my father. A friend described this incident in the course of a private letter. The wording is almost exactly as she gave it. My father had written a little note in the corner: "Truly a very sacred letter. God bless the little one forever!" Much the same story is told in connection with Sundar Singh. There is of course a very simple explanation to be suggested in both cases; but on the other hand, we believe that sometimes an infinitesimal ray from the "light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ" may be reflected upon the countenances of those who "in heart and mind thither ascend, and with him continually dwell," and that it is instinctively recognized by the clear eyes of unshadowed childhood.

Among the many lovely pictures of the years in Halifax, one stands out especially clear. We were occasionally able to make time for delightful rambles in Point Pleasant Park, always with the sea-shore as our objective, greatly enjoyed by my father, especially on a clear day, with crested breakers rolling in upon the sunny beach. One afternoon I had arranged to meet him just inside the "Golden Gates." He was never late for an appointment, however trifling, so that one could always be sure of meeting him at the moment set. As I drew near, somewhat hurried myself, I beheld him sitting quietly upon a rustic seat beneath the shade of a great maple tree, reading a little book whose leaves showed shining edges. As he lifted his serene gaze from this little book, and greeted me with his unfailing smile of welcome, I was irresistibly reminded of scenes in "The Pilgrim's Progress."

A well-known contemporary, one of the late outstanding members of the clergy in Nova Scotia, has referred to him as the "St. John of the Canadian Church." At that moment, with the quiet radiance of his expression, he seemed the unconscious personification of the beautiful title.

But the second line of the stanza: "I work or wait, still following my Guide" rings very true when considered in connection with my father's attitude at this time. In January 1921, he took up his residence in Halifax, but February brought an S.O.S. call from St. Paul's Church, Charlottetown, P. E. I., owing to the illness of the Rector, the Rev. H. D. Raymond, which led to a memorable four

weeks, ministry, the first of several visits; the later ones having the added support and pleasure of the Rector's presence.

Some idea of the value set upon the visit of one who was now something of a veteran in the cause of his Master, may be obtained from the request of the church-wardens for a mission to be held during the last week of his stay. The comparative apathy of Christendom towards what had always been to him the supreme business of life, was a source of perpetual amazement to my father, and that cry of supreme pathos, "Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by?" was, I think, often upon his heart. An entry under April 12, 1927, emphasizes this attitude: "We went to Convocation Hall (Toronto) and heard Bach's "Passion Music", which was simply overwhelming in its moving power. Enough to break a heart of stone."

The joy of meeting such responsiveness at this time was very great, and I love to remember his home-coming after this happy adventure; for he was all aglow with the recollection of work owned and blest of God, and of numerous kindly human tributes, which he gratefully records in such words as, "How generous," or, "God bless them for their loving thought. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits."

I was so fortunate as to meet recently a pleasant and courtly gentleman from Charlottetown, who told me something of the mission, laying stress upon the numbers attending it, who came from far and near. Himself a devoted member of St. Peter's, he was criticized by a friend for his participation in these services. His answer was so delightful that I beg his leave to quote it here: "Canon Troop," said he "is a very holy man; I find him very helpful, and I intend to hear him whenever and wherever he speaks."

He had been at home but a week, when another call came, this time from Stellarton, where the Rector, the Rev. B. P. Colclough, was also ill, and badly in need of help, so that Easter found him launched upon another month's work, with the prayer in the diary, "May His Grace abound for us all!" but he was able to accept the invitation of the late Dean of Nova Scotia, the Very Rev. J. P. D. Llwyd, to conduct the Three Hours Service at the Cathedral on Good Friday, and I well remember the extraordinary contrast presented between the fragile appearance of the aged preacher standing amid the beautiful arches and

pillars of that noble sanctuary, and the fire and energy, as well as tenderness, of the delivery, as he dwelt once more upon a theme which grew ever more absorbing.

Something in the gentle dignity of his tall figure, as he quietly left the pulpit at the close of these sacred meditations, and joined in the stately sentences of the solemn Nicene Creed, led by the Dean, caused "water to stand in the eyes" of those in that reverent assembly who had anything in common with Bunyan's grave and lovely "Discretion."

In 1926 the serious illness and subsequent operation of the Rector of St. Matthias Church, the Rev. T. H. Perry, rendered the services of a substitute necessary, and my father, already a friend, and fairly frequent visitor, gladly acted in this capacity. The Rector's death on June 29, was a heavy blow to all concerned. Still but a young man, gifted, and devoted to his work, his passing left the Vestry perplexed for the immediate future of the Church, as well as grieved by the loss of a beloved leader. The sacred relationship which existed between my father and this congregation had its source at this time, when he consented to act as Rector, until the new appointment should be effected.

In 1924 he had been invited by Dr. Donaldson to conduct a mission at Trinity, where he was also often a welcome visitor, and in 1927, his Jubilee year, he and the new Rector of St. Matthias, The Rev. Edward Morris, who shared his predecessor's admiration for the experienced missioner, held one together, which will be long remembered; but one of the outstanding memories of these years concerns a series of sermons on the "Letters to the Seven Churches" in the Revelation, preached in this church on the Sunday evenings of July and August, 1927. These sermons, while probably more suited to the minds of thoughtful Bible students, than to those of an ordinary Sunday evening congregation, (particularly in the summer) were masterpieces of real scholarship and spiritual discernment, delivered in the style which some of his friends loved to hear him employ. His preaching varied in power, though never in earnestness; but these sermons were of almost uniform weight and value, and there were some among the listeners who realized that they were rich in their historical setting as well as in their heavenly lore.

A characteristic entry occurs under September 29, 1926. After a note concerning the kindly feeling of St.

Matthias, congregation expressed in concrete form, we find, "Felt cheered and thankful, though with a sense of lack of worthiness. To God be all the praise."

It is naturally impossible for us to lay even a passing touch upon every sphere which knew his influence even in Nova Scotia; but the lovely little church of St. Andrew, at Timberlea, which owes so much to Mr. Simms Lee's loving interest, had a very special place in his heart, which was indeed capable of unlimited expansion; and many a happy Sunday afternoon was spent there, adding to a store of tender memories.

But one of the best loved activities of the Halifax sojournings, and indeed of his whole ministry, was a weekly Bible Class, held in the homes of various members, composed of earnest Bible students of all ages, gathered from all denominations, united by a common interest, and a common love. Many of these were experienced in spiritual matters; all were eager for the deepening of the life and knowledge they already possessed.

During the long periods of his absence, my father kept in constant touch with this class; and the members upheld him continually in thought and prayer as he went about his ministry in other parts of Canada; so that he was indeed "girt about" with faith, hope and love; an invisible chain of wondrous tenderness and beauty, of which he was often gratefully conscious.

The late Dr. Murdoch Chisholm, the celebrated Nova Scotian surgeon, and the late Dr. Johnson Hunt, the lovable Judge of the Juvenile Court, were among the loved members of this class. Its last meeting under my father's leadership was held on November 24, 1931, one week before he entered the hospital which he only left for the "World of Light;" and he says of it: "Our subject was "The Tent of Meeting." The room was full, and the Divine Presence seemed to move all hearts. To God be the glory for ever!" and below, in a hand not quite so steady as of yore he has written; "There was a heavenly sunset."

As I write, a beautiful begonia pours out its brilliant blossoming life in the sunny room where he so often sat, his white head bent over his beloved books or letters, their remembrance of him thus beautifully expressed by these devoted friends.

Thus we see constant demonstration of the fact that "working or waiting" he was "still following his Guide."

The stress seems laid on the former attitude, but the absence of parochial responsibility gave him more time for miscellaneous reading, and it is of interest to note a few of the books which claimed his attention during this period—Boswell's famous "Life of Johnson" for instance, Strachey's "Queen Victoria" and "Eminent Victorians," Page's "Letters," Lord Grey's "Twenty-five Years," Baldwin's "On England," Ludwig's "Bismarck" and Maurois' "Disraeli," some of Macaulay's Essays and Shakespeare's Plays; Carlyle's "Heroes and Hero-Worship," Lewisohn's "Israel," some of the novels of Thackeray, Dickens, and Scott, beside numerous biographies, poetry of Browning, Tennyson, and Wordsworth, also Pascal's Letters and Papini's "Life of Christ," with Père Didon's lovely work on the same subject, a little later. In 1921 he notes reading "John Inglesant" for the third time, and in 1925 he mentions "comparing with great interest Plutarch and Shakespeare on Casear and Coriolanus."

His English papers were always a great delight; the "Weekly Times" and the "Spectator" as well as the Church papers; and he was an enthusiastic member of the "English-Speaking Union" with whose ideals he had enormous sympathy; the "Landmark" being always hailed with joy, and portions of it usually read aloud. In 1931, as he lay ill in the hospital in Montreal, I remember my astonishment at being directed to write to Captain Brine, accepting for him the office of Vice-president in the Ontario Branch; so we see that he was expecting to express very definitely his interest and sympathy.

The British and Foreign Bible Society, and the China Inland Mission with their far-flung effort, as well as missionary work nearer home, were ever in the fore-front of his interest; all the literature in this connection being eagerly read and passed on in different ways; and he had considerable correspondence of deep interest with Sir Leon Levison, the distinguished President of the "Hebrew Christian Alliance;" and could always give the latest details of the story of "God's Ancient People Israel" as shown in the Holy Land, as well as in other parts of the world; to him a topic of supreme concern, enthralling in its deep significance, when seen as the gradual working out of a Divine purpose.

Every moment of his time was filled, for his correspondence had by this time assumed immense proportions; each place that had known his touch, however transient, producing a little group of friends, who wrote to him with more or less regularity.

There was something "universal" here; for the letters came from "all sorts and conditions of men" and a complete social scale was represented; including a famous English Bishop, and an Italian bootblack!

A young friend of real literary genius in England wrote him brilliant epistles which she usually illustrated with exquisite little pen-and-ink sketches; a capable business girl of remarkable character, at work in London, wrote him no less valued ones; while a sweet saint of advanced years whom he had never seen, wrote regularly from her far-away home in Kentucky; and a steady correspondence of mutual comfort and refreshment was carried on with one of those heroic standard-bearers of the Church in a lonely outpost of Northern Manitoba, with whom he first came into contact through a letter in the "Canadian Churchman."

In a beautiful little sketch which appeared at the time of my father's passing, attention has been called to his lovely intercourse with children; and to the telegrams which he sent to beloved young friends, a few hours before he sank into the semi-conscious state from which he afterwards emerged only at intervals, but with his mind as clear as ever.

After a specially happy experience in Penetanguishene, two young boys, members of a class under the gifted leadership of one whose own bright letters were a source of delight, corresponded with him regularly; their letters perused with deepest interest, and usually answered within a few days; while two of much the same age in Halifax, the attractive, manly young grandsons of a tried and trusty friend, were always very special friends.

In 1926, being much struck by a number of that remarkable magazine, "The Valve World," published by the Crane Company, Chicago, and especially by "From an Old Fogey's Inglenook," he wrote to the "Old Fogey," the late Justin W. McEachern, and an inter-change of thought began which was surely unique.

My father, in his first letter of appreciation had enclosed a copy of his own "No Monopoly." Space forbids us to quote any but the opening lines of Mr. McEachern's comment upon it, which appeared in the October number, 1926: "Step by step, reverently, tolerantly, logically, and in the most charming style of the English scholar, Mr. Troop proceeds to lay before the minds of intellectual readers, the "slowly formed convictions of a long ministry

as to the one cure of our unhappy divisions." In 1927 we find an entry in the Diary, under June 22: "Received by late delivery a wonderful letter from the "Old Fogey" of the Valve World. Almost too sacred to comment upon. It gave me one of the greatest joys of my life."

Mr. McEachren's words, in the "Inglenook" of July of the same year, are of interest here: "I will back the power for real good, the genuine uplifting influence, the sweet and unselfish devotion of life and effort, the broad tolerance, the value to humanity, of one clergyman I know, against the combined influence of all the soviets and all the atheists of the world." He speaks later of "the Rev. Canon G. Osborne Troop.....a highly esteemed and inspiring comrade of the Inglenook," a tribute deeply appreciated by my father.

My father had written concerning his own "greatest ambition," and the Old Fogey says of it in the same number "What a noble, what a godlike ambition. To be every man's servant, and no man's master, in the liberty that owes no man anything but love, and to live that ambition, as hundreds of grateful souls know Canon Troop to be living it, is to give the lie to blatant and intolerant atheism, and to quicken hope in the breast of the honest agnostic. Joyce Kilmer says, "Only God can make a tree," and I say reverently, "Only God can make such a man and implant in his breast such an ambition. And until atheism produces such a man, and such an ambition, and such a life, then in my humble and hopeful way, I shall remain a Theist."

In Toronto, on May 14, 1931, these two, who had so often looked into the depths of each other's minds and hearts, at last looked into one another's eyes, characterized by one of the two as, "A notable and longed-for meeting." They had another "memorable interview" on May 18. My father's engagement card of that date is before me; a full day of divers engagements. "Old Fogey at noon" stands out, and we feel the joy with which he wrote it down, in his clear, strong hand-writing.

Anyone who has read Allen's "Life of Phillips Brooks" will remember the beautiful description of the day Phillips Brooks and Tennyson spent together in England. "We may think that there was some unveiling of souls, and the impartation of sacred confidences, for two great souls were holding communion with each other." We venture to say that these words describe the interviews between

the two men of high hearts and honest souls who had at last, after many disappointments, experienced this "notable and longed-for meeting."

The Old Fogy's impressions of the meeting are given in "The Valve World" of July 1931, entitled "The Shrine of a Clean Soul," and run as follows:—

During a recent journey, which took me through much of the land between two oceans, I had the pleasure of visiting many shrines, historical, religious, literary, and otherwise. Each had its own peculiar influence upon me as I stood before it, and let fancy ramble back into the dim distances of the past. Now, as I reflect upon them, I find that the most lasting influence came from a human shrine, the light of a clean soul shining through a frail body, a hand lifted in benediction at parting, an aureole of goodness about a whitened head, the music of sweetness in a gentle voice, a blessing in the slightest gesture, nothing but good prompting and infusing the always-present smile. I came away from that shrine as though I had been privileged to catch a glimpse of all that is best and finest in this life, or in any other possible life. The influence of that human shrine fell all about me like a garment, and I am sure that it will go with me throughout the remainder of my days, no matter where they may lead me, or whether the trail be arduous or easy.

The "days" have led these two into the "land which is very far off," where they are in the nearer presence of "the King in His beauty."

My father conducted a delightful "Inglenook" of his own during the summer months. Dr. Chisholm and Judge Hunt at first, afterwards joined by Mr. C. C. Starr, were to be found in the nook on Saturday afternoons, usually in the sun-room, it must be acknowledged, though by the chimney-corner if the weather were cool enough to justify the cheery blaze of a wood-fire, which was sometimes the case in September.

The lady of the house often poured the tea for this happy gathering, when the conversation took a light turn, no doubt deemed suitable for the feminine mind. There would be amusing stories, and much hearty laughter, in which my father would join with a somewhat pre-occupied air. With the departure of the hostess, followed by the polite regrets of the assembly, the conversation would turn upon the deep things of life, and the murmuring of the deep voices in earnest discussion was a pleasant thing to hear.

Judge Hunt's death in 1925 was a great sorrow, and the next meeting of the three companions was rather subdued. Dr. Chisholm's deeply regretted passing came at the close of 1929, but the two who remained went bravely on with the "Saturday Inglenook" in "sure and

certain hope," their attitude described by VanDyke (whose lovely presence seems to have strayed, uninvited, into these recollections, and refuses to leave them) when referring to those who had gone into the "World of Light" (his own expression) he says:—"Would it be a true proof of loyalty to them if we lived gloomily or despondently because they were away?"

The winters of 1922, 1923 and 1924, were spent in Jamaica, and an article which appeared in the "English Churchman" of July 20, 1922, is very comprehensive. It runs thus:—"In an article headed "Canada and Jamaica" a Jamaica newspaper says: "Churchmen welcome signs that the closer relations between the two countries are not limited to commerce. There is a growing spiritual reciprocity. The strongest link between Church people in the two countries, however, has been forged by Canon G. Osborne Troop M. A., Rector Emeritus of St. Martin's Montreal, who has just concluded a second visit to Jamaica.....The pronounced spiritual quality of his preaching and teaching; his reverent and scholarly treatment of Holy Scripture; his powers as a missioner, and his clear sounding of the evangelistic note, have made a deep and lasting impression. Canon Troop preached two or three times nearly every Sunday, and everywhere he went there were large, and in some cases, overflowing congregations. At St. George's Kingston, for instance, a building holding about a thousand worshippers, the Church was filled every night in Holy Week.....Canon Troop has extraordinary gifts as a missioner. At the writer's Church (St. Luke's)Canon Troop preached frequently. He conducted the service of the Three Hours on Good Friday, and preached twice on Easter Day, the congregations being so large as to necessitate extra seating accommodation. At the request of the Bishop of Jamaica, (Dr. G. F. C. de-Carteret) the Canon addressed the Diocesan Synod, the occasion being the Synod Communion Service, at which over a hundred clergymen and lay delegates were present. Subsequently, the Bishop invited Canon Troop to conduct a two-days retreat for the clergy. The Bishop, the Assistant Bishop, (Dr. Bentley) and over fifty clergy and deaconesses attended the retreat, and it was a time of holy, inspiring intercourse and fellowship."

The St. Luke's Quarterly of March 1923 has this warm-hearted tribute: "Canon Troop is with us again, to our great delight.....At St. Luke's we have come to regard him as "ours" but in reality, he belongs to everybody.

He has, as on former occasions, spent his holiday in visiting and helping in many churches.....May his present brief but valued ministry be abundantly blessed!" That touch, "he belongs to everybody" must have been a great joy to my father, for like Sundar Singh, he would have been glad to consider the world his parish. He too has appreciative comments on his side; writing warmly of the Church's work and of its clergy. He speaks of the "singularly faithful charge of the Bishop," again of an "ideal address, exalting Christ," and often refers to the "brotherliness" of the clergy. It is pleasant to remember that these churches represented for the most part a more advanced type of churchmanship than that which characterized "the Canon." Great hearts met great hearts once more, and "all were one in Christ Jesus."

These trips to Jamaica afforded opportunities for short happy visits to his brother, Professor J. G. Carter Troop, who, while often engaged with lectures in other parts of the great Republic, had his headquarters in New York. Family ties were very sacred in my father's eyes. He saw his sister, Mrs. E. H. E. Eddis only at long intervals, but the rare meetings are always joyfully recorded, and I well remember his delight when she suddenly appeared in Halifax in 1930, having motored down from Toronto with members of her family. Letters kept them in touch with one another, and we often find "A letter from my beloved sister today" always with the benediction (no empty form with him) "God bless her" below the note.

The brothers differed widely in temperament and outlook, and also in physical appearance, so much so that friends of both often declared that they could find no trace of resemblance between them; but the friendship existing between these two was of the "David and Jonathan" type, for they were perfectly happy in each other's society, although, unlike the famous friends, they disagreed heartily on many subjects. Each was interested in the other's work, and my father found real delight in attending the lectures of the President of the "New York Public Lecture Association," while his brother had equal pleasure in listening to the sermons of a preacher whom he honoured above all men.

Upon the fly-leaf of Lewisohn's "Israel," the gift of the Professor to his brother, we note the following tender inscription, which needs no comment:

To my Brother

G. Osborne Troop
Master of Arts
The Man Who Walks
With God;
Wise, Patient,
Long-suffering
Generous, Devoted,
Great in the Eyes
of God and Man.

Christmas 1925

C-T

The diary mentions among others, lectures on "Anthony and Cleopatra;" on "Galsworthy," "Stevenson," "Ibsen," "Dickens," and "Wells"; all of which he seems to have greatly enjoyed; for he speaks of "Revelling" in some of them, a rather unusual expression, for he disliked extravagant phrases.

In 1921 during one of these visits, among other pleasant happenings, he saw Sothern in "Hamlet," but confides to the Diary that he "could not *hear*, but was much impressed with what he *saw*!"

Through his brother, however, he formed many important contacts in his own line, and we find him preaching in "Old Trinity;" in St. Stephens, where he afterwards conducted a Mission at the request of the Rector, Dr. Seagle; in St. George's, in the Ascension Memorial, and others.

In New York, too, he met that remarkable woman, the late Mrs. Cortland de Peyster Field, and was introduced to the famous "Hepzibah House," where we generally find him during subsequent visits to the great city, however short in duration, "taking prayers," or gladly giving an address on short notice.

Mrs. Field, who "in her youth was noted as one of the great beauties of New York Society," was one of those rare souls fittingly described only by Browning's exquisite lines: "God has a few of us whom he whispers in the ear." Her lovely home in Madison Square, her attractive country residence "Fieldhome"; her beautiful car, were all used in the service of Him for whom my father so gladly "spent and was spent" and I think this sweet and stately lady must have recognized a kindred spirit in the Canadian visitor.

He writes of "pleasant Christian converse" on an occasion when the brothers dined with Mrs. Field, and of an afternoon visit of his own when they two had "much refreshing Christian intercourse." In spite of the really luxurious modern setting, we are reminded of the "place built by the Lord of the hill for the relief and security of pilgrims." We remember that in that restful home, "all their talk at the table was about the Lord of the hill;" and we feel that there must surely have been "a large upper chamber" in that pleasant mansion in Madison Square, "whose window opened toward the sun-rising," and that "the name of the chamber was Peace."

The gracious hostess has long since found the sun-rising herself; for "Mrs. Field's home-call" on June 27, 1922 is set down with many a tender memory.

In 1923 he had a most unusual experience, for he accepted, after some thought, an invitation to speak at Green Acre on "Christianity" in connection with a "Bahai" gathering; his brother being engaged for several lectures at the same time. Between the professor's lectures on "Jane Austen" or "The Enchanted April" and that of Mrs. Theodore Parsons, the well-known author of "Brain Culture through Scientific Body Building," who spoke on "The New Message of the Body," The Alphabet of the Body," and such topics, "amid great enthusiasm;" came my father's addresses on "Christianity" and "Mystery."

My uncle sent him, shortly before this event, a large parcel of weighty books, concerned with the great World Religions, but the "Man of God" soon discarded these, and after turning the matter over in his mind in the presence of his "Unseen Friend" until a "fire kindled" there, he departed for Green Acre with a royal disregard for notes of any description whatsoever, but an awe-inspiring tranquillity with regard to the work before him.

His more worldly-minded household feared that the lectures would turn out to be sermons, which they probably were, but they seem to have been well received, and he returned with a number of new friends, and very pleasant recollections of "Fellowship House, "The Eirenion" and "Green Acre Inn," and a letter from the professor informs us that his brother "took them by storm."

In 1928 came the first of those memorable visits to Richmond, Virginia, through his much-esteemed friend, the late Langbourne M. Williams, the proprietor of the "Southern Churchman."

He and Canon Howitt travelled and worked together on the first occasion, and my father, being one of several speakers each day, found "much refreshment and enjoyment" in the addresses of his fellow-labourers. They were entertained in Mr. Williams' beautiful home, and the Diary has enthusiastic references to the fascinating Southern hospitality extended on all sides.

At this time he paid his first visit to Christ Church, about 75 miles from Richmond, and to the fine Boy's School of the same name under the care of Dr. Page Dame, preaching in the Church at the morning service, where "the boys formed about half the congregation," and later addressing the boys themselves at the school.

He spent several days at this school in 1929, giving a series of addresses to these bright representatives of young Virginia; and we find such entries as "Had supper with the School in an atmosphere of breezy and vigorous young life," and "one of the boys brought honour to the School today by winning the "Hundred and Two Hundred Yards Virginia Races." In the evenings he spoke in the Church, where maturer minds would appear to have been equally responsive if less demonstrative.

In 1930 he paid his third and last visit to Virginia, spending two specially happy weeks there, visiting once more Christ Church School, where he gave an address which "was received with acclamation" by the boys, and beside work of a most congenial kind; speaking at a drawing-room meeting in the pleasant home of his hosts; addressing the girls at St. Margaret's School at Tappahannock, preaching on the Sundays in Richmond itself, at Christ Church, and Urbania; he enjoyed a pleasant social life, redolent of true Southern charm and culture, as unique in its way as the happy home life of England, of which we thought a little while ago. There were many long motor drives, "the trees and flowers in their glory" often winding up with visits to delightful Virginia estates, where a pleasant welcome was extended by hospitable friends of his kind hosts.

In 1930 came the death of his brother, characteristically recorded: "My beloved brother has passed on to His Keeping Who has the keys of death and of the Spirit world!" In one of his "Books of Remembrance" he has entered some lines in memory of his brother thus:

Life goes not out but on,
The Western gates close, only to let the
Eastern Gates open.
The day has come, not gone;
Thy sun has risen, not set;
Thy life is now beyond the reach of death and change
Not ended but begun.
O noble Soul! O gentle heart! Hail and farewell!

In the spring of 1931 he received the tidings of the passing of "his generous friend, Mr. Langbourne M. Williams." The happy Virginian experience had come to an end; and before another Easter dawned, the two who had "taken such sweet counsel together, and walked in the house of God as friends," had no doubt known still sweeter intercourse in the "Better Country."

In 1925 my brother moved from Jamaica to Toronto, and the winters were spent in that city. Here the Church of the Messiah had naturally a very special place in his regard; but here too was Dr. Dyson Hague, the beloved friend of many years standing, at the Church of the Epiphany. He was often at St. Anne's too, with Canon Skey and at the Church of the Resurrection with Mr. Sunter; occasionally at the Church of the Transfiguration with Canon Headlam; while in 1931, a Mission at Riverdale Presbyterian Church, where the Rev. Alfred Bright was pastor and friend, was a great joy.

He had specially sacred work too from time to time at Wycliffe College, where he often gave addresses to the Students in the early morning, and deeply appreciated private conferences with those candidates for the Sacred Ministry; gladly passing on his own experience in a calling whose privileges seemed to him ever more glorious as the days went on.

But this Toronto Ministry was continually enlarging its borders, and it spread far beyond the limits of that pleasant city, for we find records of visits to Aurora, Scarborough, Peterborough, Penetanguishene, Orillia, St. Catharines, Hamilton, Brantford, and several other towns; while in the Spring of 1930 he journeyed out to Winnipeg, where he had the real delight of conducting a Mission for Canon Carruthers, at Holy Trinity, in Winnipeg. My father was seventy-six at this time, but he recounts the experiences of these days with the zest of a boy. The Diary literally sings his joy, and I know that the memory of this happy time, full of the indescribable exhilaration and breeziness of our great Canadian West, was very precious

to him. At the close of this visit, as he prepares for departure, he writes from his heart: "May God bless all who showed me such wonderful kindness!" And this was not the end; for out of the glad, busy days flowered fresh correspondence, carrying tidings which caused the Missioner to "thank God, and take courage."

At least twice in the year, there were cherished visits to Montreal, where beside the delight of speaking in his old pulpit at St. Martin's, to which the Rector, Canon Howard, always extended kindest of welcomes; and in others of the Anglican Communion; he always preached at St. Giles Presbyterian Church, where for years he had enjoyed "true Christian fellowship" with the pastor, Dr. Dobson, another beloved friend; and in 1922 and 1923 held missions in Knox-Crescent, and Stanley Presbyterian Church, while a little later began the happiest relations with Livingstone Church, Outremont, where he had the pleasure and privilege of baptizing the infant daughter of the pastor, the Rev. R. K. Fairbairn.

In 1921 an outstanding mission in St. Giles Church, where on a week-night a congregation of 600 assembled, and the hall was abandoned for the Church, has this significant entry "Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto Thy Name give the praise!" At the close of this mission he writes: "So closes one of the most blessed experiences of my ministry. May it live to the glory of God!"

Of great interest just here is an entry of Monday, March 7, 1927: "We went to the Empire Club (Toronto) and heard a fine manly address on Imperial Relations from the Dean of Windsor (during the visit of the Gentlemen of St. George's Chapel and the Choristers of Westminster Abbey.) The Dean, to my joy, preached yesterday at St. Andrews' Presbyterian Church in the morning, and at the Eaton Memorial in the evening."

We know that as he wrote these words, his eyes were on the bright vision of the "One Flock, One Shepherd," but we think too, that perhaps those seer's eyes were gladdened by a suggestion of the shimmering spires of that building which eclipses all the noblest, grandest sanctuaries of earth; that "building which fitly framed together groweth unto an holy temple in the Lord.....an habitation of God through the Spirit."

These were rich and glowing years; not what Priam described to Achilles as "the grievous pathway of old age," but "girt with the love of God on every side;" "working,

waiting, following his Guide;" yet the last line of the stanza has its definite significance in the picture of this life's pathway: "Braving each foe, escaping every snare," upon which we pause for a moment.

A charming young friend and connection who flashes in and out of the diaries at rare intervals, referred to as very "winsome," and always greeted with delight, told me once that she had never met anyone who seemed to her so to carry about with him a sense of the Presence of God. Those who were privileged to live near him know how blessedly true this was. At the same time he had a peculiarly vivid realization of the forces of evil, which he beheld lined up against the blessed influences of the Redeemer. With St. Paul, he felt that "we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities and powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world," and he was deeply convinced that the "whole armour of God" was necessary, in order to brave these unseen foes.

The beautiful figure of the Sower and the Seed had taken an immense hold upon his imagination; and after almost every address, sermon, or mission we find, "May God water the Seed sown!" but more often it is, "May God guard the Seed!" and sometimes: "May the Lord watch over His own Word, and guard it from the great Robber!" or the "great Deceiver."

He was indeed perpetually "braving foes" in more ways than one; for he was putting up a steady fight against great physical odds, more apparent as the years go on. Very constantly we observe "Tired but thankful," at the close of the day; sometimes "Very Weary." He wakes with "an ominously fluttering pulse; he "suffered physically all day but was the more conscious of the Divine Presence and Power"; again: "Fluttering pulse this morning, but the Good Physician came graciously to the rescue, blessed be His Name!"

We are glad to remember that he often enjoyed periods of comparative health, gratefully acknowledged; but many a time the Diary was his only confidant (apart from his Maker) when he was not feeling up to the mark.

He was the Warrior indeed, to the last, for he kept on steadily expressing his deep-rooted convictions through the spoken or written word, in the face of criticism, sometimes dislike; and his later utterances ring with the fear-

lessness of his youthful days, possibly softened, certainly deepened, by the mellowing touch of age and experience.

A true-hearted leader among the clergy of Nova Scotia said of him in 1919, after stressing his power as a spiritual force: "He is not a party man." I innocently repeated this to my father, considering it a compliment. I was unprepared for the somewhat startling result. "But I *am* a party man" he cried, "standing for the freedom and principles of the Reformation." There was a gleam in his eye, a throb in his voice, which recalled those heroes of whom he wrote in 1926: "Such are the men we need today, on fire in their deepest hearts with quenchless love for God and man." Of such stuff was he himself fashioned, and many a true man, differing from him in opinion and view-point, cried with one of the ablest of the younger clergy in the Maritimes (now himself in the World of Light) "I do not always agree with him, but I always admire him!"

The closing words of the article just referred to are most suggestive. Speaking of "evangelicalism," in the true sense of the beautiful word, apart from party shibboleths, he pictures it as "the hall mark of the genuine Christian, the underlying, controlling presence of the Spirit of Christ;" and adds; "Let us never forget that where the Spirit of the Lord is there is liberty and there also is unity and unimpeachable loyalty."

He truly "braved foes" and "escaped snares," fighting a "good fight;" but what amazing joys were his in these last years which we now see with the richness of the sunset colours gathering about them. We have been engaged in a sacred quest as we have searched for the secret springs of this gracious life which blessed all who came into contact with it. No summary of what we have found could be complete which did not at least suggest the influence of the great "Apostle to the Gentiles" upon my father's life and work. Many who loved him will remember the fire with which he would quote Miss Matheson's noble lines in "Love's Cosmopolitan":

Thou who didst glory in the uplifted Cross
Whereby ascended Love, self-sacrificed
Draws all men near, and heart to heart a few,
Thou who didst count the world for love but loss
Hail, chosen servant of the risen Christ
Ambassador of God, great-hearted Jew.

Assuredly he never dreamed of any faintest resemblance between the life of the "great-hearted Jew," and

his own, yet the Light which we too, greatly daring, have been following, pauses unmistakably here; and as we look once again over the years of the tale that is so nearly told, a fact unrealized before, stands out, clear as the Evening Star against the sunset bars: for we see our "apostle" (was not he too "one sent"?) returning to the scenes of his boyhood in Bridgetown where he had first seen the glimmerings of the Divine Light; (during a mission held there in 1921 we find: "Canon Underwood and I towards evening walked in the face of the sunset glory down past the old family homestead, now wholly changed); visiting Lunenburg where he had ministered as an eager young student; standing once more in the pulpit of St. Paul's, Halifax, with all its hallowed memories, preaching in the Church of the Ascension, Hamilton, where he had listened entranced to the sermons of his eloquent Rector; returning to St. James, Saint John, where we first saw the true "lover of souls" revealed; to St. Martin's, Montreal, where he had lived, and laboured, and loved for twenty-seven years; to the Church of the Messiah in Toronto, where he left as his parting watchword "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God"; as well as in so many new, undreamed of spheres.

Not often is it given to Christ's ambassadors to go back over the work of the years, forging the links in a great living, loving chain of service; and surely now we hear the voice of one who "preached among the Gentiles the unsearchable riches of Christ" coming down across the ages: "Let us go again, and visit our brethren in every city where we have preached the word of the Lord, and see how they do."

Whether my father realized that he was doing this I do not know; but I do know that he carried upon his great heart every congregation, with its clergy, to whom he had ever gone with his earnest message; and we feel sure that this has not ceased with his passing "beyond the Veil."

A very lovely dream which recently gladdened the heart of one who had deeply valued his Montreal ministry, emphasizes this conviction. She answered her doorbell to find her old rector standing upon the doorstep, looking much as when she had last beheld him, but with added health and strength noticeable in his bearing. "You are surprised to see me, I know" he said, "I did go away, but I have come back to tell you that I am well, and that I have not forgotten my friends."

In May 1931 he arrived in Montreal, his heart full of the message he hoped to deliver in St. Martin's "on the morrow;" but those who so deeply cared for him noticed weariness upon the beloved countenance, as they greeted him once more at the station. The same night he was taken ill, and during the following week entered the Ross Memorial Hospital, where an operation was successfully performed. A touching entry occurs under Sunday, May 31st: "How different from any Sunday in my life, quickly followed by "Countless mercies nevertheless." As we travelled down to Halifax in June he said thoughtfully, with just the suggestion of a smile: "I expect it is a case of "Till travelling days are done!" He had dearly loved travelling about the country on his Master's business, turning over his messages in his mind as he went, leaning on that Arm which had never failed him yet, and would not fail him now—

We like to remember too, that human love shone brightly on the pathway. Kind friends in Montreal had kept his room in the hospital a veritable bower of flowers, and when he reached the "dear familiar room" in Halifax, lo! it was all aglow with glorious roses, the tender thought of one of these same friends; lovely messengers sent more than once to brighten these last months.

We find too, records of many deeply appreciated visits; one from a young friend especially dear, has this note: "We had a very happy time.....A day of fresh vision and fresh hope," And again: "Had a sacredly beautiful letter from my true friend Bishop Doull (then Bishop of Kootenay) and later: "The Primate, Archbishop Worrell, paid me a lovely visit in the afternoon," also, "Dear Craig, Dean of Kingston, called on me today, awakening many happy memories," and many, many, more such notes.

Although he carried on his beloved Bible Class, with some interruption, until November, he was not able to preach again; and I often wondered, with an aching heart, what were his thoughts upon that day, with all its unutterably sacred associations; but I can recall no word of regret or complaint, although I well remember the light upon his face, as after a very trying, wearing day, he quoted: "What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter." Van Dyke, who is evidently going with us all the way, has a beautiful suggestion just here of "The faith that rests upon the unseen Wisdom and Love, like a child on its mother's breast."

A second operation was deemed advisable in November, from which he was apparently making a remarkable recovery, when the collapse came, in January, 1932.

His many friends had been much upon his mind and heart, and he was especially anxious to thank them for loving greetings sent to him at Christmas and the New Year. Printed cards had been secured, which were to be sent to each and all. The message which he composed himself, closes with these words: "Please accept my warmest wishes for a New Year crowned by the "peace of God, which passeth all understanding," surely as true now, as when he wrote them, only coming with his deeper knowledge of that peace.

Whether he knew that the "one clear call" had sounded, I do not know. When I suggested to him the beauty of the words: "I will both lay me down in peace, and sleep; for Thou, Lord, only makest me dwell in safety," he lovingly assented; adding in a clear, strong voice; "And these, I have made, and I will bear, unto hoar hairs will I carry thee!"

That Word which had been "a Lamp unto his feet, and a Light unto his path" was shining in undiminished glory, as this world's lights were growing dim about his earthly path. On the following day, as the Dean stood at his bedside, my father suddenly opened his great starry eyes, and looked silently at him, then at me, with a tender lingering glance, while a smile which surely carried Heaven's own radiance, played about his lips.

At the time I felt this a personal leave-taking, inexpressibly sacred; but the pride and joy of his nearest and dearest will ever be that he was, and is, as our quest has surely revealed, "Universal," and I like to think that in that look was conveyed something he wrote after parting with dear ones in Toronto: "God hold us *all* in the Embrace of His Eternal Life and Love!"

The Dean referred to this time afterwards as "his triumphant ascension," and a lovely entry in the diary of July 20, 1928 comes to mind: "The weather, which had grown dark and threatening passed as by a miracle into one of the most glorious sunsets I have ever been privileged to witness. "In His Temple everything saith, Glory."

The last faithful companion of the Inglenook, whose visits had so cheered "all the days," watched with us through the last heavy hours, until the Light had led

Evangelist past the Sunset Bars, and he was "absent from the body, at home with the Lord." "The Western gates had closed, only to let the Eastern gates open."

These last lines of the story have been written in a garden, which may fairly claim that sweet title, "a lovesome spot." Fairy-like humming birds, the joy of him who has passed into the World of Light, dart in and out among gay phlox and misty delphinium; the spicy odour of stocks mingles with the fragrance of sweet-peas, "on tip-toe for a flight;" great golden butterflies hover over the bright borders; and there is the humming of bees, while from a not far distant tree comes the joyous note of the summer warbler. We, too, think that "God walks here," for only this morning it seemed we "saw His footprint in the sod" beside a little rose-bush, whose shell-pink blooms, faintly stained with a deeper flush, have earned for it the lovely name, "The Dawn."

As I sat amid all this glory of light and song, of scent and colour, suddenly conscious of still greater glory which "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard.....the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him;" I wondered what my father would wish as the last word of all. He has never seemed far from these "sessions of sweet silent thought;" but however that may be, in a flash came sweet simple words he dearly loved, and often quoted, ringing with a new triumph:—

See, the feast of love is spread,
Drink the Wine, and break the Bread:
Sweet memorials till the Lord
Call us round His heavenly Board;
Some from earth, from glory some,
Severed only "till He come,"

"Even so, come, Lord Jesus!"





HIS MESSAGE

A SELECTION OF HIS WRITINGS

EDITED

AND

INTRODUCED

BY

THE REVEREND CANON DYSON HAGUE, M. A., D. D.

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THE BIBLE AS THE WORD OF GOD

INSPIRATION OF THE SCRIPTURES
THE DIVINE VOICE
CHRIST AND THE SCRIPTURES

Throughout his whole ministry, Canon Troop was a convinced believer in the plenary inspiration of the Bible and the absolute authority of the Bible as the Word of God, and in the following pages this will be very clearly brought out.

—*Dyson Hague.*

THE INSPIRATION OF THE SCRIPTURES

From boyhood I have been a diligent reader of the Bible, and my whole ministry has rested upon the supremacy of the Word and of the Spirit. As a student, I have approached the study of the Scriptures, not from the point of view of the Higher Criticism but rather from the standpoint of such scholars as the three great Bishops of Durham, Lightfoot, Westcott and Hensley Moule. Of course I have kept my eyes and ears open to criticism of the Bible, whether friendly or otherwise; but my Christian instinct has led me more and more to rely upon the testimony of the Bible itself. I am convinced that the Scriptures are God's Revelation to man. From any other point of view they are worthless to the spiritual man. It is obvious that if God has not spoken to us, we are all alike left in the dark as to the unseen world. Without God's Revelation the wise man and the fool are left to hopeless guessing as to the solemn problems of sin and death and life beyond the grave. I have therefore lived, as it were, within the Scriptures, as in a strong Tower of Refuge, looking out upon all life's problems from within that sacred abiding place.

Moreover, I am not lonely in my Tower of Refuge, for I find there a large and illustrious company of believers of all ages, including many both of ancient and modern times, whose scholarship is as undoubted as their piety. It is a strange delusion that betrays many into imagining that all scholarship is on the side of the Higher Criticism. Men like the great Dr. Orr, with his famous and unanswered work on the Problem of the Old Testament; or that living prince of English Archaeologists, Professor Sayce, of Oxford; or Professor Edouard Naville, of continental fame; these men are in the highest rank of scholarship, yet they are convinced believers in the unshaken integrity of the Sacred Scriptures.

Professor Sayce, writing in December 1923, makes the deliberate statement that "the sceptical attitude towards the records of the Old and New Testaments is today usually the mark of ignorance or semi-knowledge.

The leading scientists have returned in great measure to what may be termed the traditional views on the subject, and nowhere is this more strikingly the case than as regards the historical records of Scripture. Archaeology, based on scientific excavation, has demolished the assumptions and conclusions of subjective criticism; and it is not going too far to say, that the remarkable discoveries of the last thirty years have, with hardly an exception, been dead against the most confident decisions of the merely literary critic, and in favour of the trustworthiness of our records. The early use of writing for literary purposes in the Near East, the high state of culture and sea communication in the Abrahamic and Mosaic ages, and the accuracy of details in the Babylonian narratives, have all alike been demonstrated, and the so-called literary rout in the field of Old Testament history is as complete as it has been in the field of early Greek history. Each fresh discovery confirms this."

Letting the Scriptures speak for themselves I find that everywhere, from Genesis to Revelation, they are always for God: always against sin: and yet always on the side of the sinner in calling him to repentance and salvation. I have never lived in any other man's conscience but my own; but my conscience certainly testifies to the whole Bible in its bearing upon my heart and life. To speak specifically of the much controverted opening chapters of Genesis. I believe with Westcott that they present us with "the primitive Gospel of the world." With Westcott, Godet and Handley Moule, I find a veil of mystery hanging over both the opening and closing chapters of the Bible. The story of the Fall and the description of the Holy City, New Jerusalem, are inspired pictures of what is eternally true; but no man living can say with certainty whether the descriptions are to be literally or symbolically understood. For example, no one knows for certain whether the Tree of Life is a literal Tree or not; but no one can deny the solemn fact that man's sin has cut him off from access to that Tree. All the combined wisdom of the human race is unable to reverse the appalling and universal law of sin and death. Christ alone is able to restore to us access to the Tree of Life, and entrance through the gates into the Holy City.

The central glory of the Sacred Scriptures is the revelation of the Incarnation, Life, Crucifixion, Resurrection and Heavenly Enthronement of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. We might sum up the whole Bible in the

great cry of the Preacher in the Wilderness—"Behold, the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sin of the world." The cross divides mankind between those who are on His Right Hand and those who are on His Left.

It should never be forgotten that, as Handley Moule once said, "Our Redeemer rose from the dead, as it were, with the Old Testament in His hands." It was the risen Lord who opened the understanding of the disciples that they might see everywhere in the Old Testament the revelation of Himself. And it was none other than He, who gave us the writers of the New Testament, including the once ruthless persecutor, Saul of Tarsus, now Paul the Apostle, Christ's Ambassador to the world. Christ is no mere seeker after truth, however illustrious. He is unique in this very fact that He gives no hint that he is seeking after truth. "To this end came I into the world," He says to Pilate, "that I might bear witness unto the truth. Every one that is of the truth heareth My Voice." We all stand or fall with Him who says in simple majesty—"I AM THE TRUTH."

No intelligent reference to the Scriptures can leave out the phenomenal history of Abraham and his descendants. The history of the People of Israel has no parallel in the history of the nations; but wonderful as Israel's story is, by far the most wonderful feature of it lies in the fact that it is all foreseen by the Scriptures from the call of Abraham down to our own day, and on and on to that hour spoken of by St. Paul when "all Israel shall be saved," in conversion to our Lord Jesus Christ as their own long-rejected Messiah. They are fulfilling the Scriptures before our eyes in their increasing return to the Holy Land and City under our own Old England's protection. But they are returning for the most part still in unbelief, blindly preparing the way for the coming and the Kingdom of the long-expected King. How few realize that converted Israel is to proclaim the Gospel throughout the whole world! But in spite of the oppositions of the Devil or man, "the Word of our God shall stand forever."



THE DIVINE VOICE



THE DIVINE VOICE

My object in this article is to give some reasons for my own unreserved conviction that, in the perfection of both natures, Jesus Christ is God and Man, in one unchanging and unchangeable Divine Personality. I am writing as a Christian to my fellow-christians; and in spite of the supposed conclusions of Modern Criticism, I venture to assume the absolute integrity of all the Sacred Scriptures of both Testaments, as a unique revelation from the Living God. For some sixty years I have given myself increasingly to the study of the internal evidence of the Scriptures, and I find the witness of the Bible to itself peculiar and overwhelming. Above all, my own heart and life and conscience are absolutely searched out and convicted by the unsparing light thrown upon them by the sacred writings. Self is revealed as not only ruined and impotent, but as an incorrigible traitor and enemy to God. Fallen and devolving I find myself in the white light of the Divine Countenance a lost sinner, in utter and inexpressible need of a Saviour. Such a Saviour I find revealed in the very Garden of Eden, where Jehovah appears in the character of the Good Shepherd, coming forth in search of His two lost sheep. That vision in the Garden grows in glory, until in unparalleled sublimity it shines from the Manger, the Cross, the empty Tomb, and the Throne of the Infinite Redeemer. Truly we behold "the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ."

I find it impossible to eliminate the supernatural from the Bible, for, as it is clearly the Revelation of God, it must of necessity be inseparably interwoven with the supernatural. What, for example, can be more astounding than the fact, witnessed by both Testaments, that men and women of like passions with ourselves actually heard the Voice of the Living God, uttering from the midst of the fire-crowned Sinai the actual words of the Decalogue? Let us ponder, seriously and without prejudice, the searching question of Moses in Deuteronomy 4:32; "For ask now," he says, "of the days that are past, which were before thee, since the day that God created man upon the earth, and from the one end of heaven to the other, whether there hath been any such thing as this great thing is,

or hath been heard like it? Did ever people hear the Voice of God speaking out of the midst of the fire, as thou hast heard, and live?"

For myself, assurance of this amazing fact is strengthened by the reflection that such a man as Moses could never have been so foolish as to give to the people of Israel the Tenth Commandment. No human lawgiver would dare to forbid people to covet; for by so doing he would make himself a laughingstock. It is obvious that God alone can call men to account for breaking the Tenth Commandment, for coveting lies hidden in the human heart, beyond the reach of any human eye. The Tenth Commandment deals with the secrets of the heart and thus becomes in itself the key to the Decalogue, a key applied to the lock long afterwards by our Lord Himself in the matchless Sermon on the Mount.

This voice from heaven was also heard at the Saviour's Baptism in the Jordan; and it is of striking import that the same Voice is heard again at the Transfiguration, as recorded by all three Evangelists, with the weighty and most significant addition—"Hear ye Him." The eternal Father Himself thus cries in mortal hearing—"This is My beloved Son.....hear Him." Nor should we forget the carefully considered words of St. Peter in his Second Epistle, where he says, as if in anticipation of Modern Criticism:—"We did not follow cunningly-devised fables, when we made known unto you the power and coming of our Lord Jesus Christ; but we were eye-witnesses of His majesty. For He received from God the Father honour and glory, when there came such a voice to Him from the excellent glory,—This is My beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased. And this voice we ourselves heard come out of heaven, when we were with Him on the holy Mount."

No modern theory of the Kenosis can do away with this solemn and binding imprimatur of the Living God—"This is My Beloved Son.....hear ye Him." I, for one, loyally accepting that Voice, feel under Divine obligation to receive with reverence and awe every utterance of the Incarnate Son as authoritative and final. Moreover, the Lord Jesus Christ Himself says, when standing before Pilate—"To this end was I born, and for this end came I into the world, that I might bear witness unto the truth. Every one that is of the truth heareth My Voice." And again, speaking this time from heaven after His Resurrection and Ascension, Christ says seven times over

with peculiar solemnity—"He that hath an ear, let him hear what the Spirit saith unto the churches." (See Revelation, chapters II. and III.) So the Voice of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit is revealed as one and the same Voice in its binding authority over mankind.

Nothing can exceed the solemnity of the charge given in the Epistle to the Hebrews in Chapter XII:

"See that ye refuse not Him that speaketh. For if they escaped not, when they refused Him that warned them on earth, much more shall not we escape, who turn away from Him that warneth from heaven: Whose Voice then shook the earth: but now He hath PROMISED, saying, 'Yet once more will I make to tremble not the earth only, but also the heaven.' And this word, 'Yet once more,' signifieth the removing of those things that are shaken, as of things that have been made, that those things which are not shaken may remain. Wherefore receiving a Kingdom that CANNOT BE SHAKEN, let us have grace, whereby we may offer service well pleasing to God with reverence and awe: for our God is a consuming fire."

When we honestly face the sure and certain Coming and Kingdom of our Saviour and our Judge, it is of infinite comfort to recall the testimony of St. John in the twelfth chapter of his Gospel. He there records that on a memorable occasion our Lord suddenly cried, 'Father, glorify Thy Name!' And instantly the Voice of the Father replied—"I have both glorified it, and will glorify it again."

We see in this remarkable incident that our Lord was within speaking distance of His Father all the time; and so are we, if we are only willing to take the comfort of it. Think of it! Within speaking distance always of that wondrous Voice! That holy Ear open indeed to our faintest whisper. Let us speak freely and with holy boldness. Let us listen to that Voice in the Spirit and in the written Word with reverence and awe, and with lowly obedience.

Low at His Cross I view the Day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
And thus prepare to meet Him.

Yet once more, our Lord declares that "the Father hath committed all judgment unto the Son, that all men should honour the Son, even as they honour the Father."

He has given Christ this "authority to execute judgment, because He is the Son of Man." How wonderful that He to whom God has entrusted the eternal destinies of mankind, is not only the Judge but the Infinite Redeemer who "tasted death for every man!" Such love is enough to break a heart of stone. "O, the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! How unsearchable are His judgments, and His ways past finding out!"

Summing up the Scriptural evidence, we see that Moses, St. Matthew, St. Mark, St. Luke, St. John, and St. Peter, together with the writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews, all testify to the tremendous reality of the Divine Voice. Moreover, St. Paul, to whom, under God, we owe the greater part of the New Testament, testifies that, he himself heard the Voice of the glorified Redeemer calling unto him, in the Hebrew language, "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou Me?.....I am Jesus whom thou persecutest."

It is impossible for honest men to deny this evidence except by rejecting the Scriptures altogether. We cannot have it both ways. I trust therefore that many will conclude with me, that wherever we turn, from Genesis to Revelation, for time and for eternity, we are face to face with God, and that His Son Jesus Christ is our all in all. To Him be the glory for ever!

October, 1923.

CHRIST AND THE SCRIPTURES

“Jesus Christ, the same yesterday,
today, and forever.”



CHRIST AND THE SCRIPTURES

The grave controversy prevalent in the Mother Church of England at this time brings once more to light the supreme need of an absolute and unchanging authority in the spiritual realm—a tribunal so supported by the human conscience, that from it there remains no appeal. The writer of this article believes with his whole heart and mind that the authority so many are pathetically groping after is found in Jesus Christ and in Him alone. In this field of conflict Christ has two would-be rivals: on the one hand human scholarship, and on the other ecclesiastical tradition. In regard to human scholarship Browning wrote with fine irony—

There's a new tribunal now
Higher than God's—the educated man's.

The appeal to human scholarship logically results in the deification of Reason.

On the other hand, the appeal to ecclesiastical tradition logically issues in Papal Infallibility. There would seem to be no escape from this dilemma, as is clearly revealed in Newman's celebrated "Apologia."

Saducees and Pharisees

It is well known that the Saducees were the "Modernists" of Christ's day upon earth. They were convinced that there was "no Resurrection, neither angel nor spirit". They had no use for the supernatural. Christ definitely rebuked them, in language still singularly significant in this boastful twentieth century. "Ye do err, ye do greatly err," he said, "not knowing the Scriptures, neither the power of God."

The Pharisees had no difficulty in accepting the supernatural; but they went to the opposite extreme. With their lips they honored the Scriptures, but in reality they buried them under ecclesiastical tradition. Thus they brought upon themselves the stern warning of the Lord Jesus:

Ye have made void the Word of God because of your tradition.

And He went on to apply to them the prophecy of Isaiah:

This people honoureth Me with their lips; but their heart is far from Me. But in vain do they worship Me, teaching as their doctrines the precepts of men.

These words are just as applicable to what is now known as "Catholic Tradition," as they were to the tradition of the Jews. Surely, then, we should lay Christ's solemn words to heart.

It is obvious that both Modernism and Ecclesiasticism, in different ways, assail the supremacy of Christ and of the Scriptures.

Criticism of the Modernists

It is easy to give examples of this disloyalty. A Modernist, to his honor, frankly confessed that when the principles of the Higher Criticism were applied to the Old Testament, it was thought that they could safeguard the New. But logic compelled them eventually to apply the same criticism to the New Testament, and alas! even to the sacred Personality of Christ Himself.

As to ecclesiastical tradition, it has withdrawn from the laity in the Holy Communion the cup, which the Saviour Himself commanded to be received by all. It has also made "fasting" a condition of approach to the Lord's table, for which there is not a vestige of authority in the Scriptures. It has substituted an "altar" and a sacrificing "priest" for a table and a presbyter, or elder.

Let us now turn seriously and with an open mind to what the historical Christ, rooted in the Scriptures, has to say of His own authority. It is important to bear in mind that the only real Christ is the Christ of the Scriptures. The "modern" Christ is a figment of the imagination; not the Incarnate Son of God, born of the Virgin, risen from the tomb, and enthroned in His glorified Body at the right hand of God. Above all, the curious modern mind objects to the fall of man, and to the all-atonning Blood of Christ.

To the Modernist the glorious words of Toplady are hopelessly out of date:

Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to Thy Cross I cling.

We see, then, that Christ and the Scriptures are both at stake in this fateful controversy: for in all sincerity there is no escape from the issue. We cannot have it both ways.

The Christ of the Scriptures, even before His resurrection, knew and proclaimed that His Father had appointed Him the sole Judge of the living and the dead, and that all that were in the tombs should eventually hear His Voice and come forth. In majestic words He declared: "I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life: no man cometh unto the Father but by Me."

Face to face with Pilate and the Cross He unflinchingly said: "Every one that is of the truth, heareth My voice."

Gethsemane and Calvary

Nothing can exceed the solemnity of Christ's claim to supreme authority. Beyond all possibility of human invention is His high-priestly prayer to His Father, as recorded in the seventeenth chapter of St. John. It is uttered in full view of Gethsemane and Calvary. In it He cries:—"Father, the hour is come; glorify Thy Son that the Son also may glorify Thee; even as Thou gavest Him authority over all flesh."

Just before He ascended into Heaven He declared: "All authority hath been given unto Me, both in heaven and on earth."

And in the vision later, granted to St. John on the Isle of Patmos, the glorified Redeemer uses language without a parallel in human literature:—"I am the First, and the Last, and the Living One," He says; "and I was dead, and behold, I am alive for evermore; and I have the keys of death, and of the spirit world."

It should be inconceivable that any man professing faith in Christ—I say nothing of honest unbelievers—should dare to criticize Him, or to qualify His references to the Old Testament. Everybody knows that our Lord never gives the slightest hint reflecting upon the integrity of the Scriptures. Nor should we forget that, according to the Scriptures, the Eternal Son by His Father's own appointment is our Creator, as well as our Redeemer and our Judge. If He is our Creator, what scientist can possibly know, as Christ has always known, the mysteries of creation?

The truth is that many learned men in the pride of reason have lost the vision of God. Learning, in right relations with God, is of the greatest value; but it should never be forgotten that "the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom."

No man can really see himself as a sinner, lost beyond self-recovery, until he comes face to face with the Heavenly Vision. How memorable are the words of Job:—

"I had heard of Thee with the hearing of the ear, but now mine eye seeth Thee: therefore I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes."

And Isaiah:—"Woe is me for I am undone! For I am a man of unclean lips, and I dwell in the midst of a people of unclean lips; for mine eyes have seen the King, the Lord of Hosts."

And Saul of Tarsus, at his marvellous conversion, was in a moment brought into the dust before the vision of the glorified Saviour, and from that hour became the willing slave of Jesus Christ, and His ambassador to the world. How full of mingled dignity and humility are his later words—"Wherefore, O King Agrippa, I was not disobedient to the Heavenly Vision!"

The vision of God in Christ may not come to us in the same special form in which it came to Job, or Isaiah, or Saul of Tarsus; but come it must in some form, if we are to know God and Jesus Christ, Whom He hath sent, with the knowledge that is life eternal. This conviction is shared by distinguished men of our own time. President Coolidge said recently: "Unless our halls of learning are real temples, which are to be approached by our youth in an attitude of reverence, consecrated by worship of the truth, they will all end in a delusion. The information that is acquired in them will simply provide a greater capacity for evil. Our institutions of learning must be dedicated to a higher purpose. The life of our nation must rise to a higher realm."

Inspiring Message from Willingdon

Canada's Governor-General, Viscount Willingdon, speaking a year ago at Queen's University, gave us all an inspiring message:

"A good citizen," he said, "is a man or woman of stainless honor, a person with a determination to play the game straight. He must have ambition to make

life happier and brighter for the people around him. Above all, he must have a spiritual faith. I am one who believes that no country will survive, unless its people have spiritual vision."

The late Phillips Brooks, of sacred memory, bore similar testimony:—"The fullest Christian experience is simply the fullest life. To enter into it, therefore, is in no wise strange. The wonder and the unnaturalness is that any child of God should live outside of it, and so in all his life should never be himself."

We should never allow ourselves to be stampeded by the common slogan "All scholars are agreed," for there are as great scholars of simple faith as there are of different shades of unbelief. In the spiritual sphere unbelief ultimately leads us nowhere. No one but God in Christ can triumph over sin and death. The eternal God is an unapproachable evolutionist. Before any created thing was brought into being He had the whole history of the universe lying out before Him like an open book. Nothing can ever take Him by surprise. He is prepared for every emergency. Across all the centuries of time He marches in omniscient majesty, with His eye fixed steadfastly on the goal. He pledges Himself that all rule, and all authority and power, shall be put beneath the feet of Jesus Christ, in new heavens and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness. Then shall we know beyond a doubt that Jesus Christ is indeed the same, yesterday, and today, and for ever.

Just as I close, a trumpet-call has come from Central Africa, in a cable from Mr. Charles T. Studd, famous in days gone by as a leading cricketer at Cambridge University. Mr. Studd has served for more than a quarter of a century as a missionary in Central Africa. His cable was addressed to his wife in England, and is as follows:

"Here we dread neither death, hell, devils, nor men. We re-declare our gospel—Jesus only, God, Saviour, King, crucified, risen, glorious: here in spirit, returning bodily soon. All other gospels anathema. Trust God; pray; play the game. Laugh at impossibilities. Sweet and right it is to die for Jesus. This is our testimony to the world."

LET US STAND AT THE SALUTE!

November 1927.



THE DEITY of JESUS CHRIST

A VEIL OF MYSTERY AND
THE MYSTERY OF GOD—EVEN CHRIST

THE DIVIDING CROSS AND
THE EMPTY TOMB

THE DESIRE OF ALL NATIONS

THE FREEDOM OF CHRIST

In the following pages the glory of Jesus Christ as God and Man, as the Centre of the Bible, as the Saviour of the World, as God's only Son, and His atoning death upon the Cross and His glorious resurrection and His Second Coming are shown forth with great clearness and appealing force.

—*Dyson Hague*

A VEIL OF MYSTERY

The purpose of this article is to call the attention of ordinary readers of the Bible to the veil of mystery which hangs over the opening chapters of Genesis and the closing chapters of the Revelation of our Lord Jesus Christ to St. John. Many sincere Christians are perplexed by prevalent statements that modern scholarship has proved the early chapters of Genesis to be unreliable, and that no educated people can any longer regard the stories of the creation and the fall of man as serious history. For my own part, after long years of humble study of the Bible, I am more than ever persuaded that the sacred Scriptures are gloriously able to take care of themselves, and that when scientific scholarship has said its last word, the Bible will still be found the supreme judge of all its critics. So much is written about the Bible, that the sacred Book is given very little chance to speak for itself. Yet, as Gladstone delighted to remind us, when criticism has done its best or worse with the Holy Scriptures, these venerable writings still remain, and go on bearing their witness to the Lord of the Bible; themselves like Him, "the same yesterday, and today, and for ever."

Let us now turn first to the creation story as it is found in Genesis. The thoughtful reader is at once impressed by the sublimity and astounding brevity of the narrative. Nothing can surpass the grandeur of its opening sentence—"In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth." This is in itself an astonishing statement in the face of the ancient and idolatrous world. Whoever wrote the words, what other can they be than a revelation?

All through the Creation story the name of God runs like a flash of light. All from first to last is attributed to the Divine Majesty. The word "God" occurs in the brief narrative no fewer than thirty-five times, and this only carries us to the end of the third verse of chapter two.

Our attention is next called to the stately order in which the narrative moves to its appointed end. The creation is divided into "days," which, we shall subse-

quently see, are clearly indicated to be periods of time, the length of which remains undefined. It is interesting to note that, while Light is created on the first "day," the Sun does not appear until the fourth "day," a statement once ridiculed but now admitted to be strictly scientific.

The climax of the Creation is man, and with his appearance the Creation closes. Nothing has since been added; but who told the writer of Genesis that man should be the last thing created?

Each of the Creation periods closes with the characteristic statement—"The evening and the morning were the first day," until we reach, "The evening and the morning were the sixth day;" but this is not repeated concerning the seventh "day," because we are still living in the seventh "day." It began; it has not yet ended.

I am not in the least attempting a scientific account of the Creation. My object is simply to point out certain notable characteristics of the story. With Godet, himself no mean scholar, I delight to see in the Creation, as set before us in Genesis, an eternal picture of the Creator's handiwork, drawn in bold outlines, which will never be found contradictory to science. The story is purposely cast in this picturesque form. A veil of mystery hangs over its origin, but it remains eternally true.

In proceeding to the story of the Fall, we are at once confronted by the question whether we are to consider it as actual history, or as truth presented in allegorical form. Here also the Scripture throws over the narrative the veil of mystery, but the story itself remains eternally and unalterably true to the facts of human experience. The Scripture teaches us that man was made "in the image of God," and together with the rest of the Creation as it left the Divine hand, pronounced to be "very good." "The groaning and travailing Creation" proclaims with one voice that it is no longer "very good." A catastrophe has occurred, which has "brought death into the world, and all our woe." As to the cause of this misery man, apart from the Scriptures, can only guess. All the boasted wisdom of the world can neither explain nor alter the facts. In the twentieth century of Christian history, as in the centuries before the Christ, every human being sins, and every human being dies. Neither wisdom, nor wealth, nor might can deliver us from sin and death.

It is reasonable, therefore, to conclude that the Scriptures tell us the truth about sin and death, and that the narrative is, like the story of the Creation, presented on purpose in pictorial form, that it may remain true for all time in every human experience. Not only did Adam and Eve yield to the subtlety of the Serpent, and bring upon themselves sin and shame and death: the sad story is equally true of every one of us. We may deny it, but we cannot alter the facts.

But the Eden experience is not limited to the Fall. Not only the Serpent and Adam and Eve figure in the story. Jehovah also is there, coming forth from the beginning in the character of the Good Shepherd to seek and to save the lost. It is HE Who seeks the guilty pair, when they vainly endeavor to hide themselves from His Presence. Even so He has sought (and may yet be seeking) us. It is HE Who constrained them, even as HE constrains us, to that confession of sin, which is indispensable to forgiveness. It is HE Who pronounces sentence upon the Serpent, the Woman and the Man, a sentence remaining in force to this day. Above all, it is HE Who proclaims a coming Deliverer in the immortal words to the Serpent—"I will put enmity between thee and the Woman, and between thy seed and her seed. It shall bruise thy head, and thou shalt bruise his heel." Very finely did the late Bishop Westcott characterize the opening chapters of Genesis as "the primitive Gospel of the world."

Wondrous light is further thrown upon this great problem by our Lord's Temptation in the Wilderness. Here the "Seed of the Woman" met the ancient Serpent face to face in dread and lonely combat, and the Serpent was signally defeated. It is obvious that the story of this Temptation could only have become known to the evangelists through our Lord Himself; for no mortal eye witnessed that mysterious conflict. (This, by the way, has much to say to the believing heart concerning the inspiration of the Scriptures.) But a further matter of intense interest appears, for over the nature of our Lord's Temptation the same veil of mystery hangs as over the temptation of Adam and Eve. No one can explain with certainty the Temptation in the Wilderness; but the tremendous fact of that Temptation is wholly unaffected by our feeble conception of it.

Finally, when we reach the closing chapters of the Revelation of our Lord Jesus Christ to St. John, we are

again confronted with the veil of mystery. We come here at last to that heavenly City, towards which with eager eyes the holy men of old gazed across the centuries—"the City which hath the foundations, whose Builder and Maker is God." It is wondrously described with its gates of pearl and street of gold, with its River and Tree of Life, and our souls are thrilled at the very thought of its reality. We are told that the River of Life, "clear as crystal," proceeds out of the Throne of God and of the Lamb, and that on either side of the River is the Tree of Life.

Some believe with all their hearts that this entrancing description is to be literally understood, and they expect to see the City and the River and the Tree exactly as described. Others believe with equally joyful sincerity that just as the Lamb is a symbol of the Infinite Redeemer, so the River of Life is a picture of the Life-giving Spirit, proceeding from the Father and the Son, and that the City with all its glory is but a shadow of that "City Home," the splendor of which human language is powerless to actually portray.

What then? In either case the Holy City, with all its mysterious glories, remains imperishable; and thrice blessed are they who wash their robes, "that they may have the right to the Tree of Life, and may enter in through the gates into the City," to go no more out for ever and for ever.

THE MYSTERY OF GOD, EVEN CHRIST

(Colossians, Chap. 2.)

THE MYSTERY OF GOD, EVEN CHRIST

The Greek word, translated "Mystery," means "A matter to the knowledge of which initiation is necessary; a secret which would remain such but for revelation." As used by St. Paul, a mystery is one of God's secrets, made known only to the believer. In the familiar words of the Psalmist, "The secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him, and He will show them His covenant." The greatest of all God's secrets is Christ. The name of our Lord Jesus Christ is well known; but no one in all the wide world can say with certainty, who He is, except the Christian. From our Lord's day down to the present hour the unbelieving world has been unable to find out the secret of His Divine Personality. When St. Peter made the grand confession—"Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God," the Lord Jesus exclaimed with holy joy, "Blessed art thou, Simon, son of Jonah, for flesh and blood hath not revealed it unto thee, but My Father which is in heaven." This shows clearly that His Personality is a matter of Divine revelation.

It is, if possible, even more wonderful to read His words in the eleventh chapter of St. Matthew—"All things have been delivered unto Me of My Father; and no one knoweth the Son save the Father; neither doth any know the Father save the Son, and he to whomsoever the Son willeth to reveal Him." The knowledge of the Father and the knowledge of the Son, therefore, must remain a secret, into which all the wisdom of the world shall seek in vain to penetrate. This is very humbling to the pride of man, and therefore very distasteful, but it remains solemnly and momentously true. Christ says emphatically—"I am the way, the truth and the life: no one cometh unto the Father but by Me." What majesty this lends to His royal invitation—"Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest!"

I have recently been greatly impressed with St. Paul's statement that in Christ "all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge are hidden;" so that the man who would be truly educated must begin, continue and end

with Christ. In saying this, I am not for one moment forgetting that this is the twentieth century, famous for its extraordinary advance and development in every department of scientific knowledge. But the spiritual remains closed to the wisest of earth's philosophers and scientists. All our modern attainments have not in the slightest degree altered the appalling facts of sin and death. It remains as true as ever that "except a man be born again"—born anew—born from above—he can neither see nor enter the Kingdom of God.

The language of our Lord in this respect is uncompromising. The wonder is that so little attention is paid to what He says. "I thank Thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, that Thou hast hidden these things from the wise and prudent and revealed them unto babes." The secrets of His Personality and of His Gospel are not only hidden from the wise and prudent, but He thanks God that they are so. "Verily I say unto you, except ye turn, and become as little children, ye shall in no wise enter into the Kingdom of heaven."

When Sir Oliver Lodge and Sir Conan Doyle assure us that they have penetrated the spiritual world, and that they hold free intercourse with the spirits of the departed, our Lord on the other hand claims that all authority has been given unto Him both in heaven and on earth. With what divine majesty and finality He says to St. John in the first chapter of the Revelation, "Fear not! I am the first, and the last, and the Living One; and I was dead, and behold, I am alive for evermore, and I have the keys of death and of Hades." In that mysterious region beyond the grave He is sovereign Lord and Master. None passes in, and none passes out, save through Him who has the keys. He knows both worlds, and is the only Medium between heaven and earth.

And why should we wish it otherwise? Can anything be more full of sweet and inexpressible comfort than the assurance that our loved ones, who have passed out of our sight, are in the safe keeping of Him who says, "I am the Resurrection and the Life?" We cannot see them, nor can we, as yet, see Him; but He sees both them and us, and holds us together in eternal life and love, in sure and certain hope of a glorious reunion.

No enlightened Christian can afford to forget, that the very heart of "the mystery of God, even Christ," lies hidden in the Cross. Still, as of old, the preaching

of the Cross is to "the Jew a stumbling block and to the philosopher foolishness; but unto us, who are being saved, it is the power of God." Were it not for the cross, there would be no Gospel to preach, and we should be yet in our sins. It is Christ crucified, who put away sin by the free sacrifice of Himself to God, and in the power of His endless life opened the kingdom to all believers. What a blessed secret we share with God, when we know that we have washed our robes and made them white in the Blood of the Lamb!

The cross, translated in the resurrection, robs death of its sting and the grave of its victory. That is a wonderful assurance given us by our Lord—"Verily, verily, I say unto you, if a man keep My word, he shall never see death." As the late Bishop of Durham finely said of the close of St. Paul's earthly life—"The death which in one aspect was a last sacrifice, was, in another, that delightful moment when the friendly flood heaves beneath freed keel, and the prow is set straight and finally towards the shore of Home, and the Pilot stands on board, at length seen 'face to face'. And lo! as He takes the helm, 'immediately the ship is at the land whither they go.'"

But not only are all the mysteries of the hour of death, and of the day of judgment, hidden in Christ: in Him we also find the secret of the noblest, freest, fullest earthly life. There are, alas, many who strangely think that the Christian life is a narrowed and dwarfed experience. On the contrary, life in Christ, rightly understood, means a new and joyous world opened to us. As we obediently follow "the heavenly vision," we find that it leads us from height to height in an ever loftier outlook. We take a deeper interest in everything and everyone about us, as we watch with eager eyes the royal progress and development of the wondrous purposes of God toward mankind. A true story is told of a gallant Christian found on his death-bed with his Bible and the morning paper. "I have just been reading," he explained, "God's earliest revelation and his latest."

It is noteworthy here, that St. Paul in writing to the Ephesians, speaks of one of God's mysteries as specially "great," namely, the mystical union between Christ and the Holy Church, as forming one spiritual Body. He tells us that as the husband is the head of the wife, even so is Christ the Head of the Church, "being Himself the Saviour of the body." What a dignity this lends to

Christian marriage! A man is to leave even his father and his mother, and to "cleave unto his wife; and the twain shall become one flesh." St. Paul immediately adds—"This mystery is great; but I speak in regard of Christ and of the Church."

Elsewhere he teaches us that "he that is joined unto the Lord is one Spirit." The spiritual union between Christ and His people is the ideal marriage. We are one with Him, and He with us. We dwell in Him, and He in us. His life is our life. In the perfection of vital unity He is Himself the Saviour of the Body.

In these modern days, when the sacredness of the marriage relation is so often travestied, what a holy revolution it would bring about, if only Christ were loyally welcomed as Head of the home; if husband and wife and children formed one family in the Lord! If He is indeed "the Head of the body, the Church," He is equally the Head of every true Christian family, and of every genuine believer. This relation brings with it the highest ideal of mutual love and tenderness, and also of joy that shall abide eternally. It also involves the deepest principle of obedience to Christ in all things, which makes the home life of earth and heaven a life of perfect liberty. The Head is essential to the free and happy service of every member of the Body. May each of us enter into the secret of this "great mystery!"

In Christ are hidden all the future glories of His long-blinded and disobedient but then repentant Israel. In one majestic sentence God sums up their unparalleled history—"He that scattered Israel will gather him." Whatever differences of opinion there may be among men concerning the "lost tribes," they are in full view of the Divine Omniscience. Jehovah has promised, and He is not a man that He should lie,—"Behold, I will take the children of Israel from among the nations whither they be gone, and will gather them on every side and bring them into their own land: and I will make them one nation in the land, upon the mountains of Israel; and one King shall be king of them all; and they shall be no more two nations, neither shall they be divided into two kingdoms any more at all.....so shall they be My people, and I will be their God." (Ezekiel XXXVII.)

Such promises make us glad and thankful that God has chosen to link with the Jews our England, as the liberator of the Holy Land and City, and the protector of

His people, who are destined to be in God's own time His missionaries to the world. What an hour it will be when the eyes of "the world's blind lamplighter" shall be at last opened, and they shall see in our Jesus their own Messiah!

I trust that, even in this brief outline, some evidence has been given that in Christ are hidden all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge. Jeremiah sums it all up when he cries in the Name of the Lord:

"Let not the wise man glory in his wisdom, neither let the mighty man glory in his might, let not the rich man glory in his riches: but let him that glorieth glory in this, that he understandeth and knoweth Me, that I am the Lord, which exercise loving-kindness, judgment, and righteousness in the earth; for in these things I delight, saith the Lord."

As we bring this meditation to a close, let us dwell for a little on one more precious secret revealed only to the Lord's Own. In writing to the Corinthians, St. Paul opens to us a special "mystery" startling in the boldness of its claim. "We shall not all sleep," he declares, "but we shall all be changed, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump; for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed." In the face of all human experience what an assurance is this—"We shall not all die!" Not even death is so sure as the Return of our Lord to call His Own from the grave, and to take the living to Himself without death. There is a general, hazy idea of a remote end of the world and a possible Resurrection, but the world at large is only guessing about it at the best. To the believer alone it is revealed that the Coming of our Lord for His Own, and the Coming of our Lord to judge the world, are two distinct and widely separated events. He is coming at last, when "every eye shall see Him," to set up His Kingdom upon earth, and to reign in everlasting righteousness: but first of all He is coming to gather together His own friends from the dead and from the living, and to summon them to meet Him "in the air:" and "so shall we ever be with the Lord. Wherefore comfort one another with these words."

October 1922.



THE CROSS DIVIDES THE
WORLD



THE CROSS DIVIDES THE WORLD

The Crucifixion of our Lord between two robbers was a wonderfully significant event. We hear nothing of these two malefactors until the very time of the Crucifixion itself. How comes it that one of these outlaws is on the right hand of the Lord Jesus, and the other on the left? The enemies of our Lord never dreamed that they were fulfilling prophecy in thus placing Jesus Himself in the midst, with Pilate's mocking title hanging over His head: "This is Jesus of Nazareth, the King of the Jews." But Isaiah, in his immortal fifty-third chapter, had declared long centuries before, that the Messiah should be "numbered with the transgressors": and as we gaze with reverence and awe upon these three figures in such strange conjunction, we slowly begin to realize that we ourselves belong to the tragic picture, and that the central Cross divides the world.

By comparing the wondrous story as given by St. Luke with that of the other Evangelists, we find that both robbers at first joined in the awful mockery of the Sinless Sufferer. But gradually an extraordinary change came about in the mind of one of the two criminals and at length he boldly rebuked his railing comrade in the memorable words:

"Dost not thou even fear God, seeing thou are in the same condemnation? And we indeed justly, for we receive the due reward of our deeds; but this Man hath done nothing amiss."

Then, addressing the Lord Jesus, he cries in a majesty of faith that has never been surpassed, "Lord, when Thou comest in Thy Kingdom, remember me."

Let us reverently contemplate this faith. To this penitent robber has been granted in God's great mercy a sublime vision of the ultimate and eternal victory of the dying Nazarene. He sees through all the mockery, and ignominy, and agony, and desolation of the Cross, that this unique Sufferer is indeed the King of the Jews. He sees by faith that the suffering Redeemer will triumph over sin and death, and eventually return to reign in a kingdom of glory. Oh, that we might share in deed and

in truth in this repentant sinner's triumphant Vision! Would that each of us might make his cry our own—"Lord Jesus, when Thou comest in Thy kingdom, remember me!" That his faith was genuine is evidenced by the Saviour's immediate response:

"Verily I say unto thee, Today shalt thou be with Me in Paradise."

We may be absolutely sure that this robber and every repentant sinner will be remembered at the return of the Coming King. Not one of the very least of His own will the Saviour forget in the Day of His Glory. Every true believer is eternally linked with Christ, as individually and personally, as if there were no other saved sinner in the universe. This personal and eternal friendship with Christ, in His death and in His Resurrection glory, is the very essence of the Everlasting Gospel.

But Christ goes still further in His love that passeth knowledge. He is always doing for us "exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think." He will remember the penitent robber, not only in the then far-off day of His glorious Return, but at the close of this very day of agony. "Verily I say unto thee," He cries, "Today shalt thou be with Me in Paradise." That very day he should be with his Saviour in conscious and abiding fellowship. The deepest heart of this beautiful promise lies in the priceless words "with Me." These words assured the robber, and they assure every true believer, of blissful consciousness of the Saviour's Presence immediately after death. There is for the repentant and forgiven sinner no "purgatory" to shadow the hour of his departure. As St. Paul puts it, "When we are absent from the body, we are at Home with the Lord." Disembodied spirits assuredly, but conscious and comforted, while waiting, with all our fellow-believers, for bodies made like unto the Saviour's own body of glory, which shall be given us at His coming.

Unspeakably sad is the contemplation of the impenitent robber, witnessing all that took place between Christ and his comrade, and yet remaining unmoved, and blind to the Heavenly Vision. Right joyfully would the Saviour have taken both robbers with Him to Paradise that day; but the wilfully unrepentant robber had no wish to go with Christ, so he is left in the silence and the darkness. Surely this unhappy man has himself alone to blame for his sad and lonely death. "How often would I," said Christ on another memorable occas-

ion, "How often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathered her chickens under her wings, but ye would not!"

Christ could easily fill Heaven with slaves, but no! It is God's will that man's will should be free. And so it comes to pass that the Cross divides the world. Those two robbers are a picture of you and me and all mankind on one side or the other of the separating Cross. Wher- ever Christ is intelligently offered to any human soul, that soul must freely chose to go with Christ, or remain behind in the silent and lonely darkness. In regard to this choice there is surely no neutrality. We must be on one side of Christ or the other, for His Cross in all solemnity divides the world.

O Love that passeth knowledge,
So patiently to wait!
O sin that hath no equal,
So fast to bar the gate!
O Lord, with shame and sorrow
We open now the door,
Dear Saviour, enter, enter,
And leave us never more!



THE EMPTY TOMB

THE EMPTY TOMB

A true sequel of our study on the Cross dividing the world is the contemplation of the Empty Tomb. On the third day the Eternal Father gave His irreversible verdict on the tragedy of Calvary, by the Resurrection of His beloved Son from the dead.

And first, it is profoundly significant that the crucified Nazarene should have had any tomb at all. The last thing His enemies expected was that He should have an honourable burial. The despised victims of crucifixion were regarded as the scum of the earth. The bodies of the two robbers were doubtless cast into the Valley of Hinnom, to be consumed as so much refuse, or devoured by prowling dogs; and such would have been the fate of the Body of Jesus, had it not been for the astonishing intervention of Joseph of Arimathaea. This amazing act was clearly foreseen and described in the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah, where we read, according to a beautiful translation of verse nine:

“They appointed His grave with the wicked; but with the rich man was His tomb.”

“Behold!” cries St. Luke with natural wonder, “a man named Joseph, who was a councillor, a good man and a righteous, . . . went to Pilate, and asked for the Body of Jesus.” St. Matthew further tells us that Joseph was “a rich man,” while St. Mark adds that he went in “boldly” unto Pilate. St. John gives us the further most interesting information, that Joseph was a disciple of Jesus, “but secretly for fear of the Jews”; and that Nicodemus, “who at first came to Jesus by night,” shared with Joseph by bringing “a mixture of myrrh and aloes, about a hundred pound weight,” to aid in the embalming of the sacred body. St. Luke declares that Joseph took the Body down from the Cross, and “wrapped it in a linen cloth and laid Him in a tomb that was hewn in stone, where never man had yet lain.” St. John tells us that the new tomb was in a garden, and St. Matthew adds that the tomb belonged to Joseph.

We should note particularly, that all this reverential care in the burial makes it perfectly clear that the disciples never expected that the Body should rise from the dead on the third day, and leave the Tomb empty. We read both in the Old and New Testaments of dead persons restored to life, but they merely came back to this world, and, so far as we know, had eventually to die again. They did not return in glorified bodies like the Body of the Risen Christ. Christ's Resurrection was an absolutely new thing in human experience, and no one could understand it until it had taken place. It is as indisputable as it is remarkable, that no one, either friend or foe, expected the Lord's Body to leave the tomb. His enemies, indeed, remembered His mysterious words about rising again on the third day, but they were only afraid that the disciples would steal away the Body, and therefore took pains to secure a guard from Pilate to prevent such a fraud.

No one expected Him to rise, and no one saw Him rise. When, very early on the third day, the great earthquake came, and an angel appeared from Heaven, and rolled away the great stone from the door of the Tomb, he did not roll away the stone in order to let the Saviour out, but only in order to reveal that the Tomb was already empty, and the Body gone.

Even after He had risen, and had shown Himself to His disciples, it was with the utmost difficulty that He could convince the amazed little company that He was really alive from the dead, in a Body bearing the scar of the nails and the piercing spear. They were at first "terrified and affrighted, and thought they saw a spirit; and we all remember the extreme case of doubting Thomas.

The Gospel narratives are perfectly natural in their bewilderment, and the unbelief of friend and foe only makes the eternal FACT of the Risen Body and the Empty Tomb an absolute certainty. Those who in our own day attempt to deny the actual Resurrection of the Saviour's Body, invested with new and wondrous powers, will one day forever be put to shame. Is it unreasonable that the Infinite Creator of innumerable bodies of birds, and beasts, and fishes, suited to their differing environment, Who has also made so wonderfully our own mortal bodies for service here below, should be able to give His own Incarnate Son a Body of Glory? Has not St. Paul,

in God's Name, assured us also of bodies made like unto the Body of our Risen Lord, suited to our eternal environment?—(Philippians III.).

O Death, where is thy sting?
O Grave, where is thy victory?
The sting of Death is sin,
And the strength of sin is the Law;
But thanks be to God,
Who giveth us the Victory,
Through our Lord Jesus Christ.

Wherefore, my beloved brethren, let us be steadfast, unmoving, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as we know that our labour is not in vain in the Lord.—

1 Corinthians XV.



THE DESIRE OF ALL NATIONS

An Address given by CANON G. OSBORNE
TROOP, M. A., at Caxton Hall,
Westminster, S. W., on
Thursday Afternoon,
October 4, 1917.

THE PLEASURE OF THE
ARTISTS

BY
J. B. C. B.
1860.

THE DESIRE OF ALL NATIONS

No matter where a true Christian begins, he must always lead up in the end to "The Desire of All Nations," even our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. He alone can meet the appalling need of the groaning and travailing creation and bring in the new heavens and the new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness. It is the men and women of unbounded faith in Jesus Christ who overcome the world. How strong must their faith have been who staked their all on Him through the centuries before His Incarnation! The faith of these heroes of the older dispensation is commemorated in the eleventh chapter of the Epistle to the Hebrews, "the Westminster Abbey of the Bible." In celebrating their victories the inspired writer is constrained to cry "of whom the world was not worthy." They constitute "a great cloud of witnesses," proving to us by their own example that it is possible for us to run and win the race, to fight and win the victory. This cloud of witnesses has now been multiplied into "a multitude that no man can number, who have washed their robes, and made them white in the Blood of the Lamb." Included in that victorious host are the goodly fellowship of the New Testament prophets, the glorious company of the Apostles, the noble army of martyrs, and the whole company of believers down to the very latest who has passed through the veil, relying upon the ever-living Redeemer. Amongst them are your dead and mine who have fallen asleep in Jesus. They have proved that it is possible to fight and win; they all re-echo with one heart and one soul the triumph song of St. Paul—"I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the Righteous Judge, shall give me at that day; and not to me only but unto all them also that love His appearing."

In the next place I would have you mark that through the glorious Word of God from Genesis to Revelation there sounds a note of sure and certain hope. The Bible is indomitably optimistic. This is the more remarkable, because all along the line the odds are ever overwhelmingly against the people of God. Through

all the centuries of Scripture history the men and women of faith are but a handful compared with the multitudes given over to idolatry. Yet the believers shine as lights in the world, holding forth the Word of Life to those walking in darkness and in the shadow of death.

If you go back to the far off days of Abraham you find him believing implicitly in the promised Seed in Whom all the families of the earth should be blessed. Nor does he limit his faith to any tribal Deity, but cries in widest confidence, "Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?" When you come to the Psalms, the Hymn Book of the people of God for all generations, you find there a faith and expectancy positively sublime. Remember that these mighty utterances proceed from hearts that lived and died long before the Saviour's Incarnation. It is not St. Paul, but the writer of the 96th Psalm, who cries, "Give unto the Lord, O ye kindreds of the people, give unto the Lord the glory due unto His Name Let the heavens rejoice and let the earth be glad. before the Lord: for He cometh, for He cometh to judge the earth: He shall judge the world with righteousness, and the people with His truth."

How magnificent is this assurance, and it simply speaks for the whole Bible! Isaiah sings triumphantly of the surely-coming hour when "the earth shall be filled with the knowledge of Jehovah, as the waters cover the sea." Jeremiah, standing almost alone in the face of idolatrous Israel and of a heathen world, has yet the faith to declare that, "the gods that have not made the heavens and the earth, even they shall perish from the earth, and from under these heavens." Against all odds the Old Testament heroes lift high the standard of Jehovah.

Turn now to the New Testament, and note our Lord's supreme witness. Christ, in the days of His flesh, stood alone not only against a hostile world, but against a hostile Church, and against all the powers of hell. His worst earthly enemies were the religious leaders of the chosen people, who hounded Him even unto death and that the death of the Cross. In their hands He seemed to be powerless. They spat in His face, smote Him with their fists, scourged His sacred back, crowned Him with thorns, nailed Him to the tree; until beneath the burden, not only of physical torture but of the "sin of the world," He cried with a break-

ing heart, "My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?" The way of the Cross seemed to be the way of irretrievable disaster. He made no effort to save Himself, His Father did not interfere, heaven seemed deaf and blind to the awful tragedy. But on the third day God broke the silence, and in the glory of the Resurrection exalted the Rejected King to His own Right Hand until His enemies should be made His footstool.

As for His own, He ever lives to make intercession for them. We need never be discouraged. We are living in dark and perilous times, and the Lord's whole-hearted followers are few in number, but to them He has given the comforting assurance, "Fear not, little flock, for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the Kingdom." "These things have I spoken unto you that in Me ye might have peace. In the world ye shall have tribulation, but be of good cheer; I have overcome the world." "Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid." The world is full of sin, pain, death, and mourning, and a great and exceeding bitter cry is going up from the whole groaning and travailing creation. God seems deaf, nor does Christ seem to care. There is apparently no voice that answers; people's hearts are bewildered and their faith is wavering. But time is the Lord's ally: eternity is on His side. He moves with majestic patience and deliberation, and at the critical moment He will intervene. He alone can heal the madness of the nations, and bring in the righteousness and peace for which creation pines. He is allowing the powers of hell to do their worst, that all the nations may see the appalling nature of sin, which has brought death into the world and all our woe. Surely madness can no further go than to concentrate all the scientific energies of the race upon purposes of destruction.

Read once more in the Revised Version the sixteenth chapter of the Revelation from verse 12 to the end of verse 16. Surely the symbolic words describe what is now going on before our eyes. Evil spirits have gone forth to stir up the kings of the whole world to the War of the great Day of God Almighty, and "to gather them together into a place called in the Hebrew tongue, Har-Magedon." But between the beginning and the consummation of their hellish work is thrust in the startling parenthesis—"Behold, I come as a thief; blessed is he that watcheth, and keepeth his garments, lest he walk naked, and they see his shame." We are witnessing the malig-

nant work which culminates in Armageddon. But before the crisis is reached our Lord will come, if, as we humbly trust, we are right in our interpretation. We know not the day nor the hour, but He is certainly coming. He was long expected in days of terrible darkness and trial before He came as the Babe of Bethlehem. He has been long expected a second time, and He will surely come. He will not come as a thief for those who are watching, waiting, longing for Him. His coming will be the signal of His Victory and ours. He shall see of the travail of His soul and be satisfied, and we shall be together for ever with the Lord, where "there shall be no more death, nor sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain, for the former things have passed away."

Up above, the thoughts that know not anguish,
Tender care, sweet love for us below,
Noble pity, tree from anxious terror,
Larger love, without a touch of woe.

Down below, a sad, mysterious music
Wailing through the woods and on the shore,
Burdened with a grand, majestic secret,
That keeps sweeping from us evermore.

Up above, a music that entwineth
With eternal threads of golden sound
The great poem of this strange existence
All whose wondrous meaning hath been found.

Down below, the church, to whose poor window
Glory by the autumnal trees is lent,
And a knot of worshippers in mourning,
Missing someone at the Sacrament.

Up above, the burst of Hallelujah,
And (without the Sacramental mist
Wrapped around us like a sunlit halo)
The great Vision of the Face of Christ.

THE FREEDOM OF CHRIST

THE FREEDOM OF CHRIST

Interested attention has been drawn to two important statements, which at first sight appear to contradict each other. The first statement was made by the late Handley Moule, Bishop of Durham. Speaking of the word "propitiation," he said:—"It has but one meaning in Greek or English. It means sacrificial pacification of an offended power."

The other statement was made by Dr. Bell Dawson, son of the late Sir William Dawson, who wrote as follows: "In the teaching of Scripture the view is nowhere found that sacrifice is intended to propitiate an angry God. The propitiation is needed for ourselves, and for our sins; it is not God who needs to be propitiated."

Where this problem is faced with an honest desire for its solution, it is surely possible to clear up the difficulty in the above statements; but we must approach such a serious subject in the spirit of reverence and awe, for the character of God is involved. Is He or is He not, "an offended Power"?

First, let me assure my readers that the late Handley Moule, D. D., was a true man of God, as well as a profound Greek scholar. His definition of the word "propitiation" is absolutely to be relied upon. Not for a thousand worlds would he have deceived us in this vital matter. In what sense, then, is God an offended Power? Is "an offended Power" all one and the same thing as "an angry God"? With all reverence I humbly think not.

The Fall of Man

Let us go back to the wonderful story of the Fall, as recorded in the third chapter of the Book of Genesis. When Adam and Eve had sinned, why did they flee from the Presence of the Lord, and vainly try to hide themselves among the trees of the Garden? The only possible answer is that sin had separated them from that Sacred Presence in which they had previously delighted. They had of course "offended" God, and were filled with terror

at His approach. We all know how true this is in every human experience. We know that we have sinned, and "conscience makes cowards of us all."

Let us, moreover, never forget that a Righteous God can never have mercy on sin. He has boundless mercy on sinners, but, blessed be His Name, He has absolutely no mercy on sin. What wise man would have it otherwise? Sin would turn Heaven itself into hell. I would far rather, were such a thing possible, go to hell without my sin, than carry my sin with me into Heaven. The genuinely penitent sinner has no cowardly desire to be merely "let off." He desires above all things, so to be forgiven as to be entirely delivered from sin.

Adam and Eve in their sin never dreamt of seeking God. It is He—the offended Power—who, with a full knowledge of their sin, comes forth at the very beginning, in the spirit of the Good Shepherd, to seek and to save His two lost sheep. He calls them out of their lurking place, draws from them a confession of their sin, and then passes sentence upon them, and upon their foul Deceiver. Moreover He promises them future and eternal deliverance, when the Seed of the woman shall bruise the Serpent's head.

Propitiation for our Sins.

In this wondrous scene does the "Offended Power" deserve to be described as "an Angry God?" Was it anger that brought Him into the Garden? Or was it, on the other hand, love that passeth knowledge? Let St. John answer for us in his first Epistle:—"Herein is Love, not that we loved God, but that He loved us and sent His Son to be the propitiation for our sins" (Chapter IV.-10.)

Yet a well known Brahmin, after his Conversion to Christ, was perfectly right when he said—"A God all mercy is a God unjust." We all remember the amazing words:—"If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us; but if we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness."

Note carefully the words "faithful and just." Our righteous Father can only be "just" in forgiving the penitent sinner, because some one has absolutely paid his debt; and that Some One is Christ, described as "Jesus

Christ the Righteous," who is Himself the full, perfect, and sufficient "propitiation for our sins; and not for ours only, but for those of the whole world."

"The wrath of God and of the Lamb" is an awful reality; but it is wrath against sin. When the obstinate sinner turns his back on Christ, he identifies himself with his sin, and must expect to suffer the consequences. And what is the greatest sin in the world? Let Christ Himself answer. The Holy Spirit will "convict the world of sin," He says; and He significantly adds: "Of sin, because they believe not on Me." When Christ is presented to the soul, and deliberately rejected, the sinner condemns himself. Conscious rejection of Christ, then, is the condemning sin of the world; but St. Peter assures us in his second Epistle, that the "offended Power" does not wish that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance. God is "just, and yet the justifier of the believer in Jesus." Why, then, should any sinner be mad enough to turn his back upon Christ?

Glory of the Atonement

And this leads me to the title of this article, "The Freedom of Christ." This freedom is the crowning glory of the Atonement. It begins, continues, and ends in love that passeth knowledge. The very charter of the Gospel is found in the imperishable words: "God so loved the world that He gave His only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have eternal life." And Christ so loved His Father and the world, that He gave Himself "Even unto death, and that the death of the Cross," in order to bring God and man together in eternal reconciliation. In His wondrous sacrifice for sin Christ was absolutely free; for sin and death had no claim on Him whatever. "Therefore doth the Father love Me," He said, as recorded in the tenth chapter of St. John, "because I lay down My life that I may take it again. No one taketh it away from Me, but I lay it down of Myself. I have power to lay it down, and I have power to take it again. This commandment received I from my Father." All the armies of Rome were powerless to take His life, unless He had consented to die. It was from first to last an entirely willing sacrifice. No priest offered Him, nor did He die on any altar, save the strange and awful altar of the Cross. As the writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews tells us—"Christ, through the Eternal Spirit, offered

“Himself without spot to God” in order to set us eternally free from sin by “cleansing our conscience from dead works to serve the Living God.” (Hebrews IX-14). He offered Himself once for all, to put away sin for ever. Neither He, nor any earthly priest, can ever repeat His sacrifice: for He is alive for evermore.

The Holy Spirit, who is as free as the wind, comes into our hearts in the name of the victorious Redeemer, to make us “a new creation,” that the old life of sin and bondage may pass away, and that all things may become new. In virtue of the Atonement the Spirit enables us to bring forth His glorious fruit of “love, joy, peace, long-suffering, kindness, goodness, faithfulness, meekness, and self-control,” against which, as St. Paul says, there is no law. (See Galatians V-22 R.V.).

Christ was free all along the line, from the Throne to the manger, from the manger to the cross, and from the cross—bearing our redeemed nature with Him—back once more to the Throne. There at God’s right hand He reigns in eternal freedom, from henceforth “expecting” “till all enemies are put beneath His feet, and God shall be all in all.” In the exercise of that same freedom, at the appointed hour, He shall come again in glorious majesty to call His Own to meet Him, and to come with Him for the establishment of His Kingdom over repentant Israel, and through Israel over all mankind. “Even so, come, Lord Jesus!”

For what, after all, is perfect liberty? Surely it is freedom at all times and in all places to do the will of God. This liberty Christ enjoyed to the full. “My meat,” He cries, “is to do the will of Him who sent me, and to finish His work.” And, marvel of marvels, He offers us the same freedom. “If the Son shall set you free, ye shall be free indeed,” is His triumphant assurance.

Let us close with the great words of the scholarly and devoted St. Paul:—

“There is therefore now no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus. For the law of the spirit of life in Christ Jesus hath made me free from the law of sin and of death. For what the Law could not do, in that it was weak through the flesh, God sending His own Son in the likeness of sinful flesh, and as an offering for sin, condemned sin in the flesh; that the righteousness of the Law might be fulfilled in us, who walk not after the flesh but after the Spirit.”

The perfect Father has appointed Christ as the judge of the living and the dead. Therefore every one who stands before His Judgment-Seat will know that his Judge died for him upon the bitter Cross. Why should any sinner refuse the freedom purchased at such a price?

He that hath felt the Spirit of the
Highest,
Cannot confound, nor doubt Him, nor
deny;
Yea, with one voice, O world, though
thou deniest,
Stand thou on that side, for on this
am I."

THE HOLY CATHOLIC CHURCH

“ONE FLOCK, ONE SHEPHERD”
“NO MONOPOLY OF THE CHRISTIAN HERITAGE”
“UNITY AT THE LORD’S TABLE.”

In the following pages the generous Christian mind of Canon Troop is brought out. To him the Holy Catholic Church was bigger than the Church of England and included all who profess and call themselves Christians,—the Blessed Company of all Faithful People.

—*Dyson Hague.*

ONE FLOCK, ONE SHEPHERD

An Address given by the REV. CANON G.
OSBORNE TROOP, M. A. at Church
House, Westminster, S. W., on
Wednesday afternoon.
May 19, 1915.

"I am the Good Shepherd; and I know Mine own, and Mine own know Me, even as the Father knoweth Me, and I know the Father; and I lay down My life for the sheep."—ST. JOHN X 14,15 (R.V.).

"Fear not, Little Flock, for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom."—ST. LUKE XII:32

"The Lamb which is in the midst of the Throne shall be their Shepherd, and shall guide them unto fountains of waters of life."—REVELATION VII 17 (R. V.)

ONE FLOCK, ONE SHEPHERD

It is inevitable that the war that is now convulsing the world must be in the background of our thought. We are under a great shadow, and it is of the gravest consequence that we should realize as never before the greater war between right and wrong, between light and darkness—that war which culminated in the crucifixion of the Son of God. The greatest war that ever was fought ended at the cross, and ended in apparently irretrievable disaster! In the midst of the anxiety and sorrow and distress of nations we are here assembled in this bright “sunshine after rain” to dwell for a little while together upon the unity of the one Flock and the one Shepherd. I desire, by the grace of God, to speak to you in the mind and spirit of the Good Shepherd, Who laid down His life for the sheep. May there be in the message, if it please God, by the grace of the Holy Spirit, something of the attractiveness of the good, the beautiful, Shepherd, Who draws after Him by the irresistible attraction of His love, His beautiful flock!

Let us first of all look back to the very beginning of human history, and let us remember that, no sooner had man fallen than God came forth in the character of the Good Shepherd to seek and to save the lost. At that time His flock consisted of only two sheep, and they were both lost. They had no thought of seeking Him; His presence, which before had been their greatest delight, now filled them with shame and terror, and they endeavoured to flee from Him and to hide amongst the trees of the garden. It was not they who sought Him, but it was He Who sought them, and in the character of the Good Shepherd came forth at the very beginning of man’s misery to seek and to save the lost. From Genesis to Revelation you have the figure more and more clearly revealed—

The Living God as the Good Shepherd.

We do not only see Him in the 10th chapter of the Gospel according to St. John, as He speaks to us through His incarnate Son—we see Him, if we have eyes, just as clearly all along the course of the Old Testament history.

We are so familiar with the 23rd Psalm that we almost forget that it belongs to the Older Dispensation. "The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want.....Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me."

In Ezekiel XXXIV. the Good Shepherd is as full of Christ's sweet beauty as in St. John X., for one finds there the thought that God has always, from the foundation of the world, dwelt with mankind through His Son. In the fulness of time He clothed Himself in our nature, and appeared amongst us wearing our own flesh and blood. He tells us in that glorious chapter, St. John X., that He is the good, the beautiful Shepherd, Who lays down His life for the sheep.

There is no one who delights more in the Word of God, I trust, than I do, but we have reason at times to remember that the English Bible is, after all, only a translation. One of the strangest mis-translations that was ever made, fraught, too, with baneful consequences, is that which is found in St. John X. 16. In the Old Version, we read: "And other sheep I have which are not of this fold: them also I must bring, and they shall hear My voice; and there shall be one fold (and) one Shepherd." But the Lord Jesus did not say that there would be one fold, one shepherd. There is no question here of learning, for one who knows anything at all of the Greek knows that what He said was this: "Other sheep I have which are not of this fold; them also I must bring, and they shall hear My voice, and they shall become ONE FLOCK, one shepherd." There is a vast difference between the fold and the flock—for one thing, the fold is a lifeless thing, however beautiful it may be; the flock is composed of living sheep, in spiritual relationship with the Good Shepherd, knit to Him in living union and communion over which death has absolutely no power!

The Lord Jesus, in speaking of the fold, said: "Other sheep I have which are not of this fold." He was obviously referring to the fold of the Jewish Church, and the other sheep to which He referred were the Gentile sheep—the flock scattered amongst the nations. "Them also I must bring," He said, "and they shall hear My voice," and both Jew and Gentile shall become in Christ Jesus one Flock under one Shepherd.

There is danger in this substitution of "the fold" for "the flock." It has caused endless mischief in the Church of Christ, because it has brought before us a false idea. Christ never said that there would be 'one fold,' He did say that there would be "one flock." One cause of mischief that has arisen in connection with this mis-translation is the confusion of thought in many good people's minds, leading them everlastinglly to strive after a church union that shall embrace all those who profess and call themselves Christians in one vast ecclesiastical organization, that shall for ever be the longed-for answer to the Saviour's thrice-uttered prayer in St. John XVII.; "That they all may be one."

Let us remember that for nearly a thousand years of Christian history the Church in that sense was practically one. We have heard of the Catholic Church—the unbroken Church of the East and West before the division—but there is no one who knows anything of Church history who would for a single moment undertake to maintain that that unity was the one for which Christ prayed. I verily believe that the Lord has allowed the Roman communion to be a standing object-lesson to all those who have eyes to see, that that is not the unity for which He prayed.

It is difficult to make clear the vision that fills both mind and heart. Did or did not the Saviour receive the answer to His cry: "That they all may be one; as Thou, Father, art in Me, and I in Thee, that they also may be one in us: that the world may believe that Thou hast sent Me?" Was that prayer answered or was it not? The vast majority of Christians say that it has never been answered, and that our numerous divisions go to prove it, but I would most humbly and reverently maintain that it has been answered from the beginning; from that hour until the present time the Good Shepherd has always had His one Flock. No mortal eye can see that one Flock. All the wisdom of the wisest men in Christendom to-day could not by any possibility gather together the members of that one Flock, so that we could say, "there they are" with certainty. The flock is scattered through all the ecclesiastical folds, but it is perfectly known to the Good Shepherd. A multitude that no man can number that flock has grown into now. Many of the members are lodged safe in the Good Shepherd's care in Paradise. It is perfectly obvious that all who pass out of this world of sorrow and struggle pass into union with

the one Flock of the one Shepherd, if they belong to Christ in reality. There is but one flock in Paradise with the Good Shepherd, and to that one flock all belong who are one in Christ Jesus. There is a vast difference between that one flock and what is known as the Catholic Church, those who, after baptism, profess and call themselves Christians.

We are perfectly familiar with what is called the Roman Catholic Church, but the HOLY Catholic Church no human eye has ever seen. The reason that we profess our faith in the Holy Catholic Church is because we see it by faith, not by sight. We believe in the Holy Catholic Church, but we do not see it—we believe in the one Flock of the one Shepherd, but we do not see either the flock or the Shepherd. Those who are, therefore, striving to bring about a great united visible Church as if that would be the answer to the Saviour's prayer, and the revelation of the flock that should convince the world that the Redeemer is the Son of God, are indeed under a vain delusion. Even if we could have all who profess and call themselves Christians—Roman, Greeks, Anglicans, Nonconformists—united in one vast congregation, we know that they would not be the Holy Catholic Church; we know it would be, according to the Saviour's own Word, composed of wheat and tares, or, to use the figure nearest to our own subject, of sheep and goats, of sheep and wolves in sheep's clothing. The counterfeit members of the flock are inseparably mixed with the genuine flock all through our earthly progress. We are not waiting for that sort of Christian unity to convince the world that Christ is the Son of God; we had it for nearly a thousand years, and the world was anything but convinced.

When is the world to be convinced by the revelation of the one Flock and the one Shepherd that Christ is really the Son of God? When the Shepherd comes with His Flock, then will the world be assured that He did not shed His blood in vain. My friends, He is coming, and He may be nearer than we think. There is no one that can say with certainty that He shall not come this very night. If He were to come, what would happen? "In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye," all His beautiful flock would flock to meet Him—from East and West, from North and South, from the living and from the dead, and from all the ecclesiastical folds, the flock would rise to meet the Shepherd with exceeding joy. The Shepherd

and His Flock are one, and will be one for ever. It is of far greater consequence to us that we should belong to the flock than that we should be in an ecclesiastical fold, however orthodox it may be. Our Saviour's own Word in speaking of the Jewish fold to the unbelieving Jews was: "But ye believe not, because ye are not of My Sheep, as I said unto you." The unbelieving Jews were of the fold, they belonged to the orthodox Jewish Church; but nevertheless, they did not belong to the sheep of Jesus. He tells us how we may know whether we belong to the flock or not. "My sheep," He says, "hear My voice, and I know them, and they follow me: And I give unto them eternal life; and they shall never perish, neither shall any pluck them out of My hand." He gave an unmistakable object-lesson just before of the difference between the fold and flock when that man, blind from his birth, was given sight through contact with the Good Shepherd, and as a consequence, upon his refusal to deny his benefactor, was ex-communicated, cast out of the Synagogue. The Good Shepherd sought this lost sheep, and said to him: "Dost thou believe on the Son of God?" "Who is He, Lord, that I might believe on Him?" "Thou hast both seen Him, and He it is that talketh with thee." And he said: "Lord, I believe," and he worshipped Him. There you have the one cast out of the fold, found by the Good Shepherd—the Good Shepherd Himself also cast out of the fold. The blind man restored to sight was ex-communicated because he would not deny his benefactor; the Saviour also was excommunicated, but the One found the other. No excommunication can separate the believing soul from Christ.

It is of far, far greater consequence to belong to the flock than it is to belong to the fold! It is of far, far greater importance to know the Good Shepherd's voice and to follow Him than anything else in the wide world! The Good Shepherd prayed for a unity between Himself and His flock corresponding to the unity subsisting between His Father and Himself, obviously a perfect unity, a spiritual unity, a unity that, in the nature of things, has never been attained in the visible Church.

Governments and nations rely on armaments; yet, nevertheless, the hope of the human race, and of the whole groaning and travailing creation lies in the one Shepherd and His one Flock! When the Shepherd is finally revealed, leading in triumph His flock, the figure

is changed, and He is riding upon a white horse. Those who follow Him are riding upon white horses, clothed in white linen, fine and clean. There is not one single weapon in all that white-robed army but the Sword that proceeds out of the mouth of the Leader. It is with the breath of His lips that He slays the wicked—"the sword of the Spirit which is the Word of God." A true firing-line, of which the world dreams not, lies in the one Flock of the one Shepherd. You know your weakness? Form part of that firing line. The conflict is a spiritual conflict; the victory is fought out in regions unseen by mortal eyes, and it is fought by the one Shepherd and His one Flock, who shall emerge victorious.

God grant unto England repentance unto life—England of the Reformation, England that stands for the freedom wherewith Christ makes His people free! God grant that she may not be entangled again with the yoke of bondage; God free her from Jesuitical diplomacy! God free her from weak and guilty compromise with her national sins, make her indeed the banner of the nations to hasten the hour of His Return, Whose right it is to reign, and the incoming, through the restoration of Israel, of the reign of everlasting righteousness! There can be no peace until the rejected King has come. He will assert His right. "Even so, come, Lord Jesus." Amen.

NO MONOPOLY OF THE CHRISTIAN HERITAGE

NO MONOPOLY OF THE CHRISTIAN HERITAGE

Any serious treatment of the above subject must in the nature of things lead us into the realm of age-long controversy; but controversy need not be unchristian. It may be conducted in a spirit of honest inquiry, sincerely desirous that the truth should prevail. In that spirit I would now lay before the minds of intelligent readers the slowly-formed convictions of a long ministry as to the one cure of "our unhappy divisions."

1. My court of final appeal is from first to last the supreme authority of the Word and Spirit of the Living God. Proceeding with reverential care from step to step, I shall endeavor to show that neither the Roman Catholic Church, nor any other part of Christendom, possesses a monopoly of the Christian heritage.

2. It is not sufficiently realized that all Christians have an equal right of access to God. There can be no possible monopoly of the Lord's Prayer. All children of God are invited to cry—"Our Father." Even so all penitent sinners have an equal right to the redemption that is in Christ Jesus. "He died for all." He "tasted death for every man." He is "the Saviour of all men, specially of them that believe." Nor is there any monopoly of the Holy Spirit. "The Spirit and the Bride say 'come.' 'Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely.' "

3. Indeed, it becomes manifest that even the Church Universal has no monopoly of the Everlasting Gospel. The whole Church holds the Gospel only as a Sacred trust for all Mankind, for the benefit of the whole race. How comprehensive is the command—"Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature!"

4. No one can with reason deny that the Holy Bible belongs equally to all Christians; and, as before, the Church has no exclusive right to it. The Scriptures are committed to the whole body of believers; but only that they may be disseminated throughout the world.

5. No body of Christians enjoys a monopoly of Baptism. There is only "One Baptism." No one can

possibly be baptized a Roman Catholic, an Anglican, a Presbyterian, or any other. He can only be baptized "into the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost;" and in virtue of his Baptism he becomes a member of the whole Christian Society. As St. Paul says—"In one Spirit were we all baptized into one body, whether Jews or Greeks; whether bond or free; and were all made to drink of one Spirit."

6. Wherever water is reverently used in the name of the Blessed Trinity by any believer, ordained or unordained, there is a true baptism, and as such it may not lawfully be repeated. Even the Roman Catholic Church recognizes the validity of baptism performed in emergency by a Roman Catholic nurse.

7. Anyone who has been baptized in another Christian Communion, and then desires, for example, to unite with the Church of England, is not again baptized, but is welcomed, as already a member of the Christian Church. This rule, for the most part prevails throughout Christendom, and is entirely in accordance with Scripture. Even the Roman Church, in receiving a Protestant, does not presume to re-baptize him. A form of baptism, indeed, is used, but with the saving clause—"If thou art not already baptized, I baptize thee."

8. It should be carefully noted that baptism, though appointed by Christ, and of equal dignity with the Lord's Supper, may, in emergency, be validly performed by any Christian, man or woman. It is not limited to the Christian Ministry. This again is wholly Scriptural.

9. We proceed further to show that there is no justifiable monopoly of the Lord's Table. Its very title should warn us that it belongs to the Lord, and not to us. Baptism and the Lord's Supper, like the Scriptures, are entrusted to all Christians, and are intended for the equal benefit of all who out of mankind become believers.

10. It is just at this point that confusion is introduced by unscriptural claims. The Lord's Table, is, unhappily, the very storm centre of centuries of controversy, and involves the whole question of the validity of the ministry. By a sacerdotal and exclusive view of the theory of apostolical succession, the Roman Church unchurches the Church of England, and in her turn the Church of England unchurches all other Protestant communions. The Roman Catholic and the extreme

Anglican agree that only those who are episcopally ordained can rightfully minister at the Lord's Table; but it should be reverently observed that the Lord Himself, whose the Holy Table is, has made no such restriction. The Holy Spirit, the Lord of Pentecost, is Christ's Sole Vice-Gerent upon earth, and the same spirit is the fountain-head of the Christian Ministry. "Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty." He gives right both of ministration and of access in all that pertains to the Eucharistic Feast. "If any man have not the Spirit of Christ," says St. Paul, "he is none of His."

11. We have now reached the most difficult and delicate part of our discussion; but I am constrained to maintain, with humble confidence, that there is no monopoly within the Christian Church, even of the Christian ministry; and further, that there is absolutely no authority given in the Scriptures to a Christian sacrificial priesthood. The Christian Church is unique in this. We are all familiar with such a priesthood among the heathen peoples; and with the Jewish priesthood, specially appointed by God. The New Testament speaks of heathen priests and of the priests of the Jewish order; it brings before us the glorious Temple at Jerusalem, with its altar and sacrifices; but never so much as once is the Christian minister spoken of as a priest, nor is the Lord's Table spoken of as an altar. Indeed, the late Bishop Lightfoot reminds us that, "It is a significant fact that the first instance of the term 'priest' applied to a Christian minister occurs in a heathen writer. At least," he carefully adds,—) "I have not found any example of this application earlier than Lucian."

12. It is a fact too often overlooked that even our Lord Himself, while on earth, was not a priest. He was not of the priestly tribe, or family of Aaron, but of the royal tribe of Judah. When He laid down His life for the sin of the world, He was not sacrificed by a priest upon an altar. As the writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews tells us, "He suffered without the gate." No one took His life from Him. He laid it down of Himself. The whole Roman army would have been powerless to slay Him, had He chosen not to die. We are told in majestic language that, "He through the Eternal Spirit offered Himself without spot to God." In well known words, He was "Himself the victim, and Himself the priest." By this sacrifice of Himself offered

once for all, He "put away sin" for ever; and by virtue of this sacrifice He also became "a priest for ever, after the Order of Melchizedek," but not after the Order of Aaron. Like each of us, He had, as Man, but one life, and having died, it is impossible for Him to die again. Not even He can repeat His sacrifice. How impossible, then, is it for any human priest to offer Him "for the living and the dead" in the so-called "Sacrifice of the Mass"!

13. Moreover, when our Lord instituted the Lord's Supper, He did not celebrate it as a priest at an altar, but as a layman at a table, in the course of the Passover meal. Nor were the disciples fasting. It was "while they were eating" that He gave them to eat of that Bread and to drink of that Cup. These simple considerations show conclusively that the Lord's Table can never properly be an altar, nor can he who ministers at it be a sacrificing priest.

14. We do not forget that the writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews says, "We have an altar," but Lightfoot makes it unmistakably clear that the inspired writer is not speaking of the Lord's Table. The only Christian altar is the unique and terrible altar of the Cross; and that altar has for ever disappeared, and has left no successor.

15. Christ Himself is our one Priest, our Great High Priest, Confessor and Judge. We need no other. He is the one perfect mediator through Whom every believer has free access to God, the Eternal Father. And wonder of wonders, all believers share in Christ's royal priesthood. There is no special class of Christian priests recognized by God; but every single believer shares equally in his Saviour's priesthood. Christ is the Head of the Body, the Church, and as members of His Body we partake of His priesthood. Lightfoot, in his immortal essay on "The Christian Ministry," clearly states that "the most exalted office in the Church, the highest gift of the Spirit, conveyed no sacerdotal right which was not enjoyed by the humblest member of the Christian community." He further says, "It must be borne in mind that the minister's function is representative without being vicarial. He is a priest as the mouthpiece, the delegate of a priestly race. His acts are not his own, but the acts of the congregation."... "It may be a general rule," he goes on, "it may be under ordinary circumstances a practically universal law, that the highest

acts of congregational worship shall be performed through the principal officers of the congregation. But an emergency may arise, when the spirit and not the letter must decide. The Christian ideal will then interpose, and interpret our duty. The higher ordinances of the universal priesthood will over-rule all special limitations. The layman will assume functions which are otherwise restricted to the ordained minister." It may be added that Lightfoot quotes with approval Tertullian, who says, "Where there is no bench of clergy, you present the eucharistic offerings, and baptize, and are your own sole priest. For where three are gathered together, there is a Church, even though they be laymen."

16. If the above paragraph be accepted as true, and it is founded, be it remembered, strictly on the Scriptures, then the practical consequence for our own day are of priceless value. As the present Bishop of Durham has recently said: "Above the Papacy, above General Councils, above every conceivable ecclesiastical authority, we set the Word written." The authority of the Scriptures supersedes the unwarranted claims of an exclusive priesthood, and Christian unity is seen to embrace without distinction all believers. The devout Presbyterian, for instance, is as valid a priest, as the devout Anglican or Romanist, and that without distinction of minister or layman. All Christians are reduced to a level as to their common priesthood, and the ministers become only duly authorized officers and leaders of the Christian community.

17. We can see at once of what inestimable value this neglected truth is to the scattered Christian communities, for example, in our own Northwest. The universal priesthood, once intelligently embraced, meets all possible emergencies; for where there are believers, however few, absence of the ordained ministry need not cut them off from their Christian worship or sacraments. The Spirit of Christ is with them, and they are perfectly justified in ministering to each other, until such time as an ordained minister can be secured.

18. With my whole soul I believe the above statements to rest upon the supreme authority of the Scriptures as upon the very Rock of Ages; and I am supported in this conviction by the vast learning and dispassionate conclusions of the late Bishop Lightfoot, whose memory the world of Christian scholarship delights

to honour. His printed words are the more weighty now that he has passed into the nearer Presence of the King of Glory. Into that wondrous Presence we may at any moment be called to follow him. His reasoning is calm and balanced. He bears strong testimony to the early development of the Historic Episcopate out of the New Testament ministry; but he unchurches no body of believers in the Son of God, nor does he discredit the orderly ministry of any Christian community.

19. In conclusion it should perhaps be pointed out that the Prayer Book of the Anglican Church never calls the Lord's Table an altar, and that the Anglican "priest" holds the office of a New Testament presbyter or elder. In the familiar words of the judicious Hooker, the word "priest" in the Prayer Book is "presbyter writ short." While I am fully aware that what I have written is unlikely to receive any serious attention from ecclesiastical authorities, yet as a humble Christian and loyal presbyter of the Church of England, I venture to publish it in the great city of Montreal, where I spent twenty-seven years of my eventful ministry. In so far as it may be true, the God of truth will not suffer it to perish. We may well take comfort from the words of the Lord Jesus: "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free." Furthermore, our Lord is soon coming back to gather in His Own from the living and the dead to be with Him and with each other for ever. It is obvious that in that glorious reunion of the faithful, there is no possible place for division among them. We shall then for all eternity "dwell together in Unity." Why should we not, as far as possible, anticipate that unity now?

September, 1924.

MEMORABLE UNITY AT THE LORD'S TABLE

MEMORABLE UNITY AT THE LORD'S TABLE

The well known convention, held for 53 years at Keswick, in the beautiful English Lake District, has just concluded its latest assembly. This 1928 convention will be forever memorable, because the meetings closed for the first time with a united celebration of the Holy Communion. It is especially noteworthy that the service was held in the evening, following our Lord's own example when He instituted the sacred feast. Nearly three thousand devout communicants crowded the great convention tent. Among them, we are told, were bishops and clergy of the Church of England, and ministers of various other branches of the church. The aged Dr. F. B. Meyer, Dr. Stuart Holden, and Mr. Lindsay Glegg united in the administration. "A Solemn hush and sense of the Divine presence" were remarkably manifest throughout the vast assembly. It is thought that seldom, if ever, has so great a number of communicants gathered before in England at one service of Holy Communion.

The Right Reverend J. H. Linton, missionary bishop in Persia, was present on this sacred occasion. He writes to the London Record an article in which he reminds us of a similar inter-communion service held in connection with the famous International Missionary Council, which met last March at Jerusalem, with Christian representatives from no fewer than 51 nations. Bishop Linton says that "to an overwhelming majority of these delegates" the united communion service with which their meetings terminated seemed the only possible conclusion. And he adds these memorable words from his own experience: "For those of us who had the joy of sharing in that solemn act of fellowship, Jerusalem, 1928, was a milestone on the journey towards that 'one-ness,' for which our Blessed Lord prayed. Keswick, 1928, is the second milestone. It was inevitable that the Keswick convention should sometime or other find its expression in the sacrament of fellowship. It was impossible to go on for ever under the motto 'All one in Christ Jesus,' and not be

impelled to express in the sacrament of fellowship the spirit of communion, which so manifestly pervades that unique assembly of Christians of every denomination."

We remember the stir created by the incident which occurred at Kikuyu in Africa some years ago. There again Christians of different Churches gathered at the Lord's table in one happy company, thereby awakening a controversy that led to the famous Lambeth appeal. The editor of the London Record entirely approves of these assemblies for united communion. He says, in his editorial notes on July 26th of this year, that "those who admit that non-Episcopal ministers are true ministers of the Word and sacraments, cannot but rejoice that Keswick has taken its courage in both hands, and made this step forward. What in mean men is prudence is cowardice when God urges, and the times demand a new departure. The days in which we live demand that all who are one body in Christ should show their unity; and what place is better, or more in accord with the teaching of Holy Scripture, than the table of the Lord, which is the table of the Church."

By "the table of the Church," the editor of course means of the whole church, not of the Church of England only. All the Lord's true children enjoy the same God-given right to eat of that bread and drink of that cup which it cost Christ His life to provide. We cannot too often dwell upon our Lord's own sure promise, "Where two or three are gathered together in My name, there am I in the midst of them." The one and only condition attached to this glorious promise is that with true meekness and lowliness of heart we should gather "in His name."

Generously allow me to close with a personal incident. Many years ago during my ministry at St. Martin's Church, Montreal, I held a united communion service in the church for different Christians at that time assembled in the city at a convention. We enjoyed the full approval of the late venerated Archbishop Bond, who was only prevented by illness from himself celebrating at the Lord's table on the occasion. That privilege then fell to me as rector, and we had the joy of welcoming 101 communicants, including some ministers of other Churches. But there was this important difference from the united communion at Keswick: no minister of any other denomination assisted me at the Lord's table. We were only

reaching after the larger and fuller unity. Yet even for this a clergyman—since become an honored bishop—wrote frankly over his own name, and rebuked me for what he said he must characterize as my “disloyal act.” I wrote him a friendly reply. He came to see me, and we had a heart to heart conference. I rejoice to say that he is now one of my truest friends; and I think he would gladly do himself today what he at that time so frankly rebuked me for doing. “Love never faileth.”

THE NEW COVENANT

THE PRAYER BOOK REVISION

A REMARKABLE PROPHECY

THE VISIBLE, PERSONAL RETURN
OF OUR LORD.

As a Churchman, Canon Troop was an unashamed Evangelical; or, what used to be called, a Low Churchman. But he was what might more accurately be called a true Churchman, loyal to the Prayer Book, and loyal to the Book on which the Prayer Book stands,—the Bible. I well remember his once saying to me that if you were to take out of the Prayer Book all the words of the Bible and all that is based upon the words of the Bible, you would have nothing left but the covers.

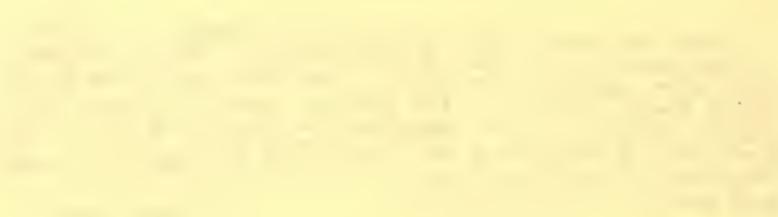
—*Dyson Hague.*

COLLEGES WHICH OFFER

DEGREES IN MATHEMATICS

BY J. R. COOPER

JOHN COOPER



THE PRAYER BOOK REVISION

(The proposed revision of the Prayer Book of the Church of England precipitated in the old Land one of the most violent religious controversies of recent years. Just why evangelical Churchmen objected to the proposed changes is hereby clearly set forth by Canon Troop):

THE PRAYER BOOK REVISION

As a lifelong loyalist and lover of Old England and of England's Church, I am naturally keenly interested in the proposed revision of the English Book of Common Prayer. With all due respect for the Archbishops and Bishops, who have by a very large majority recommended the new book for adoption, I share the conviction of Bishop Knox and other leading evangelicals that the Bishops' proposal is a hopeless attempt to face in two opposite directions at the same time, and to speak with two contradictory voices. The matter under discussion is of vital interest, not only to England, but to the whole English-speaking world.

The crux of the whole situation is found in the Holy Communion; and Evangelical Churchmen view with gravest apprehension alterations in the Communion service, which, in their judgment, tend toward an abandonment of the Scriptural position and the restoration of the Sacrifice of the Mass. I have, therefore, concentrated attention upon the great subject of the Real Presence of our Lord Jesus Christ. Everything centers here, and in a very real sense our Christian liberty is at stake.

The Real Presence

The consideration of this sacred subject must inevitably lead us into the region of age-long controversy; but the present writer can truthfully affirm that he is not contending for party triumph, but simply for the truth as it is revealed in Christ Jesus our Lord. The true evangelical is not a party man. He is a follower of Christ, first, last and all the time. To him Christ's Word is final, as revealed in the Sacred Scriptures. Beyond that Word there is for him no appeal. He stands or falls with Christ as his all in all. He can do no other.

What then does Christ Himself tell us of His Real Presence? It is very remarkable that while He was here upon earth, and before His death and resurrection, He gave the great promise—"Where two or three are gathered together in My name, there am I in the midst of them." It is obvious that, in the nature of things, the Presence

promised in these words must be understood as a spiritual presence. Again, in the famous discourse on Himself as the Bread of Life, when He solemnly tells us that "Except we eat the Flesh of the Son of Man and drink His Blood, we have no life in us." He is careful to explain that "It is the spirit that quickeneth, the flesh profiteth nothing; the words that I have spoken unto you are spirit and are life."

Stronger language could not be used than is found in the definite statement: "The flesh profiteth nothing." Even if we were able literally to eat the Flesh of the Son of Man, and to drink His Blood, it would do us no good whatever. If we would "profit" we must feed upon Him spiritually, not in the mouth, but in the heart, which we can only do by faith.

Presence in the Heart

It thus becomes clear that when we turn to the Holy Communion the Presence of the Lord Jesus is not to be looked for in the consecrated Bread and Wine, but, as Hooker so well expressed it, "in the heart of the believer." To this the Church of England commits itself in the carefully chosen words of administration. It is matter of common knowledge, though not always born in mind, that the words of administration in our present Prayer Book consist of two distinct sentences. These sentences were in previous editions of the Prayer Book used separately, but are now combined. The first sentence is a definite prayer referring to the offering of the Body of Christ once for all upon the cross:

(a) "The Body of our Lord Jesus Christ, which was given for thee, preserve thy body and soul unto everlasting life."

(b) "Take and eat this in remembrance that Christ died for thee; and feed upon Him in thine heart, by faith, with thanksgiving."

These last words may be reverently paraphrased to bring out their meaning:

"Take and eat this Bread in remembrance that Christ died for thee, and feed upon Him, not in thy mouth, but in thy heart, by faith, with thanksgiving."

The words used in giving the Cup follow the same lines, and need not be further quoted.

To make assurance doubly sure that the Real Presence is not to be looked for in the consecrated elements,

we have only to recall our Lord's Own Words, as recorded by both St. Luke and St. Paul, when He gave the Cup:

"This Cup is the New Covenant in My Blood," which can only mean:

The New Covenant.

This Cup represents the New Covenant, which is sealed in My Blood. No reasonable student can possibly believe that the Cup is transubstantiated into the Covenant. St. Luke and St. Paul thus clear up the meaning of the shorter sentence used by St. Matthew and St. Mark: "This is My Blood."

We must interpret the shorter sentence by the longer and not the longer sentence by the shorter. Nor should we overlook the startling words of our Blessed Lord as recorded in St. John 5:57 (R.V.): "As the living Father sent me, and I live because of the Father; so he that eateth Me, he also shall live because of Me." Here we are clearly taught that our Saviour would have us feed on Him, as He fed on His Father, which could only be in a heavenly and spiritual manner. This is further illustrated by the familiar words of the prophet Jeremiah: "Thy words were found, and I did eat them; and Thy words were unto me as the joy and rejoicing of my heart."

The Real Presence, therefore, in the heart of the feeding believer is a constant and abiding reality, as truly with the enlightened Christian in his home and in his business life, as in the Church or at the Lord's Table. Christ is with us at the Holy Communion as the living Master of the Feast, not as a lifeless sacrifice upon an altar. The Church of England, in complete harmony with the Scriptures, knows no altar except the Cross.

The Holy Spirit's Presence

All this is summed up for us in Christ's great promise: "I will pray the Father and He shall give you another Comforter that He may be with you forever, even the Spirit of Truth, whom the world cannot receive, because it seeth Him not, neither knoweth Him, but ye know Him, for He dwelleth with you, and shall be in you." The Holy Spirit is Christ's only Vicegerent upon earth. He has come, not to take the place of an absent Christ, but to bring the Presence of the living and glorified Redeemer into the heart of every believer.

The Holy Spirit is Himself, in perfection, the Real Presence of our ascended and reigning Lord. "If any

man have not the Spirit of Christ," says St. Paul, "he is none of His." And the great Apostle adds: "The Spirit Himself beareth witness with our spirit that we are children of God; and if children, then heirs; heirs of God, and joint heirs with Christ, if so be that we suffer with Him, that we may be also glorified together."

The Holy Spirit is also the believer's viaticum. He is dependent upon no other; for the Spirit goes with him through life and through death, all the way home. He sheds abroad in our hearts God's love in Christ, which casts out all our fears. How eminently practical this Presence is in our daily life is expressed in the beautiful words of John Keble:

There are in this loud, stunning tide
Of human care and crime,
With whom the melodies abide
Of the everlasting chime:
Who carry music in their heart
Through dusky lane, or wrangling mart,
Plying their daily task with busier feet
Because their secret souls a holy strain repeat.

A REMARKABLE PROPHECY

A REMARKABLE PROPHECY

We are all agreed as to the spirit of unrest everywhere prevalent throughout the world today. The humble and reverent student of the prophetical Scriptures is fully prepared for this "distress of nations, with perplexity." He is led to expect that, at this very period, everything that can be shaken, and ought to be shaken, will be shaken to its very foundation, in order that the kingdom of God that "cannot be shaken" may come to light and stand for ever. We are prone to forget that when our Lord Jesus Christ, the Prince of Peace and King of Righteousness, was rejected and crucified, peace and righteousness were banished from the world, never to return until the rejected King comes back. All authority is given unto Him both in heaven, and on earth, and until this is universally acknowledged, there can never be anything else on earth but ceaseless unrest. How true are the oft-quoted words of Augustine: "Thou, O Lord, hast made us for Thyself, and our hearts are restless, till they rest in Thee!"

In this connection there is an outstanding prophecy uttered by St. Paul which exalts the cross as the divine link between the coming of our Lord in humiliation and His reappearance in glory. In the account which the great apostle gives of the institution of the Holy Communion, he adds these memorable words: "As often as ye eat this bread and drink this cup, ye proclaim the Lord's death, till He come." (I Corinthians XI., 26, R.V.). That these words are prophetic is strangely overlooked; yet it obviously is a statement that no one but God could make. Nearly nineteen hundred years have passed since St. Paul was inspired to write this far-reaching statement. He solemnly declares that believers shall never cease to commemorate the death of Christ at the Lord's Table until He comes back. How amazed would St. Paul have been had he known that we, after nearly nineteen centuries of Christian history, should still be eating of that bread and drinking of that cup, while in dauntless hope we watch and wait for the coming of the long-expected King!

All the odds were overwhelmingly against the perpetuation of the Holy Communion in the face of the heart-

sickness of hope deferred. Yet as we travel back in thought across the centuries we never fail to find believers at the table of the Lord, glorying in the atoning sacrifice of Him who once for all laid down His priceless life "for us men and for our salvation," that we who love Him may welcome Him with fearless joy at His return.

The Lord's Supper is a marvellous witness to the reality of Christ. Every effect must have a cause, and the cause of the Holy Communion is the death of Christ. He Himself instituted the sacred feast as a perpetual memory of His approaching sacrifice on the strange and awful altar of the cross. That altar has for ever passed away and has left no successor. Christ is no longer on the cross, nor in the tomb, but on the throne of the majesty in the heavens, "from henceforth expecting till His enemies be made His foot-stool."

Tells of the Living Christ

The Holy Communion witnesses not only to Christ's death, but to His endless life. Generations of believing men and women would never have gone on for centuries commemorating in that unique feast one who was merely a dead man, however good. No! The persistence of this sacred memorial is an irresistible evidence that Christ is alive from the dead, and that He is really coming back. Old Testament believers dauntlessly cherished for centuries the hope of His first coming, until at last in the mystery of His incarnation He really did appear in the manger at Bethlehem, as the virgin-born Messiah. In like manner, visibly, personally, "will He appear the second time, apart from sin, unto salvation." He came the first time to put away our sin by the sacrifice of Himself; He will come the second time, in glory, to judge the living and the dead. First, as the same St. Paul tells us, He will call out His own from the dead and from the living to meet Him "in the air," and then He will come on to earth to deal with Israel and the nations, and to establish His kingdom in everlasting righteousness. Blessed are they who, when He comes, shall be found ready to meet Him with joy, and not with shame or fear.

Special emphasis is laid on the vital relation between the penitent sinner and the death of Christ. Let us face the weighty sentence once more, that its solemnity may penetrate our inmost being:

"As often as ye eat this bread and drink this cup, ye proclaim the Lord's death, till He come." The Lord's

Table is, as it were, a mighty preacher, proclaiming to all men everywhere the death of Christ as the one "full, perfect and sufficient sacrifice, oblation, and satisfaction for the sins of the whole world." Never was table spread at such a cost. It cost our infinite and only Redeemer His life to break for us that bread, to give us to drink of that cup; and He would have us never forget it. Were it not for the atoning cross, not one single member of the human race would ever enter the paradise of God. Had Christ done everything for us poor sinners, but die, He had left us in despair. Blessed be His glorious name, He tasted death for every man. He did not save us by the sermon on the mount, nor by His stainless life, but by that life laid down that we might not perish but live eternally. Let us rejoice, O fellow sinner, for He is able to save to the uttermost all that draw near unto God through Him.

It is remarkable that St. Paul and St. Luke both tell us that when our Lord gave the cup, He said: "This cup is the new covenant in my blood." The Greek word, translated testament, really means covenant; and we are thus assured that the cup stands for the new covenant—the holy, happy and eternal agreement made by Christ between us and God. This covenant is sealed in the blood of the cross, and all the powers of hell can never annul it. We may stake our all upon Him who died, and rose, and eternally lives, and is coming again for us. And this coming means eternal reunion with Himself and with all who love Him.

'Till He Come'—Oh let the words
Linger on the trembling chords;
Let the little while between
In their golden light be seen;
Let us think how heaven and home
Lie beyond that—"Till He Come.'

See the Feast of Love is spread,
Drink the wine and break the bread,
Sweet memorials till the Lord
Call us round His heavenly board;
Some from Earth, from glory some
Severed only—"Till He Come.'

November 1926.

THE VISIBLE, PERSONAL
RETURN OF OUR LORD

THE VISIBLE, PERSONAL RETURN OF OUR LORD

My dear Friend:

I am venturing to write to you personally, and as freely as if we had known each other for a lifetime, concerning a matter of supreme importance to us both. I may assume that you and I are fully convinced that Jesus Christ is in truth the Son of God, and that nearly two thousand years ago He came into the world to save sinners, even at the cost of His own Incarnate life freely laid down for us upon the bitter Cross. We rejoice together also in His glorious Resurrection and Ascension through the heavens to the right hand of God. We glory in the fact that He is alive from the dead, victorious over sin and death and all the power of the enemy. We remember according to the Scriptures, He is coming again to judge the living and the dead; but it is quite possible that our thoughts may be in much confusion as to what is meant by His Coming and the End of the World.

For myself, I am free to confess, that until shortly after my ordination at twenty-three years of age, I had not the slightest idea that there was any distinction between His coming to gather in His friends and His coming to judge His enemies and to establish His kingdom in righteousness. In my crude thinking I had always expected that He would return to judge the whole human race on one awful day of twenty-four hours, which I understood to be the Last Day. As to the manner in which the countless millions of the living and the dead were to give in their account to God, it never occurred to me to question. I believed that there would be an eternal separation between the evil and the good, but this most solemn Last Day was shrouded for me in uncertainty and gloom.

Then through God's great goodness I was thrown with enlightened Christian friends, who sent me to my Bible in new and wondrous light upon its sacred pages and gradually my whole outlook was altered. In the first place I was enabled to see that the Last Day, far from being a

day of twenty-four hours, was, like the Day of Grace, a long period of time, known as to its duration to God alone. In the light of the Scriptures it became evident that the Second Coming of our Lord, was, as it were, the Dawn of the Day of Judgment, and that during that great period of time He would deal with His Holy Church, with His people Israel, and with the ungodly world at different times and in different ways.

A new and blessed hope was kindled in my heart as I began to see that our Lord was first of all coming to call His friends both from the living and the dead to meet Him "in the Air." Every Christian delights in the opening words of the Fourteenth Chapter of St John. There our blessed Master is speaking in private to the little company of His friends. "Let not your heart be troubled," He says, "Ye believe in God, believe also in Me. In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you; I go to prepare a place for you; and if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto Myself, that where I am, there ye may be also."

In these heart-moving words it is obvious that our Lord is comforting those that love him, and that His enemies are not in view, except as through conversion they, too, may be numbered among His friends. We remember, moreover, that our Lord's people constitute His Body, and I love to think that no eye will see the place which He is preparing for her until the Church which is His Body, is fully ready. In other words all of us, who love Him, will see the place simultaneously, and be with Him for ever.

Nor should we forget the words of the holy Angels at the hour of our Lord's Ascension, when the disciples were gazing, as if entranced, at the cloud which had enveloped Him—"Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing up into heaven? This same Jesus, which is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come, in like manner as ye have seen Him go into heaven."

It is interesting to observe here, that no hostile eye ever saw the risen Redeemer. He showed Himself only to His friends, and only His friends were witnesses of His Ascension. It seems, therefore, not unreasonable to think that as His friends were the last to see Him go, so they will be the first to welcome Him back. This passage also assures us of His visible, personal return. His first coming was personal and visible, as was also His departure,

and His second coming will be "in like manner." Eventually "every eye shall see Him," but not until after the members of the Body of Christ have met Him "in the air."

Let us now turn from our Lord and the Angels to St. Paul, and see what light he may throw upon our fascinating subject. The first of his inspired writings, in order of time, is his letter to the Thessalonians, which was written only about twenty years after our Lord's Ascension. The thought of our Lord's return runs through the whole Epistle like a golden thread. In chapter four we come upon the clearest possible statement. The great apostle is anxious to reassure his Thessalonian converts concerning their dead, and his comforting words are as much for us as for them. "We would not have you ignorant, brethren"—so he writes—"concerning them that are fallen asleep, that ye sorrow not, even as the rest, who have no hope." How solemn is the reflection that the whole non-Christian world looks into the region beyond the grave in the spirit of anxiety and fear. Multitudes of men, women and children are living, suffering and dying, day by day, in hopeless ignorance and superstition. They do not dream that God is love, nor do they know that the Infinite Redeemer has tasted death for them upon the Cross as really as for us. With what compassion does He regard them, whose precious Blood was shed for their redemption! They at least have never consciously rejected Him, and are less guilty than those in Christian lands, who wilfully turn their backs upon His Cross. What a marvel it is to know that the coming Judge has in every case died for the sinner that shall stand at His bar! And how should our hearts go out to these distressed and scattered ones, who are as sheep without a shepherd!

St. Paul's next words fall upon our ears with all the charm of heavenly music: "If we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him." We should never think of our Christian dead as in the cemetery. It is only the vacant tenement that is crumbling into dust: the tenant is gone. Every true believer who has fallen asleep in Jesus is "absent from the body, and at home with the Lord." Note with special care how grandly the Apostle goes on: "For this we say unto you by the Word of the Lord, that we that are alive, that are left unto the coming of the Lord, shall in no wise precede them that are fallen asleep. For

the Lord Himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel and with the trump of God; and the dead in Christ shall rise first; then we that are alive, that are left, shall together with them be caught up in the clouds to meet the Lord in the air; and so shall we ever be with the Lord. Wherefore comfort one another with these words."

St. Paul takes special pains to assure us that the above passage comes with all the authority of a voice from heaven. "This we say unto you," he declares, "by the Word of the Lord." So that when modern critics venture to say that St. Paul changed his mind as he grew older, we reply that then not only St. Paul but the Word of the Lord must have changed. On the contrary you and I may humbly believe that St. Paul is as eagerly expecting our Lord's return today, as he was looking for it then. True he is now at home with CHRIST, but only as a disembodied spirit. He and all enlightened believers on both sides of the Veil, are watching and waiting for His coming as the signal of the resurrection of the Christian dead, and the clothing of the Christian living with bodies made like unto Christ's own body of glory. St. Paul enforces this great truth at the close of the fifteenth chapter of First Corinthians. We may then confidently believe that when Christ comes, the Christian dead will rise, but the rest of the dead will be undisturbed; the Christian living will be changed "in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye", while the rest of the living will remain as they are. The meeting place between the Lord and His own is described as "in the air," and therefore may be out of sight of those left upon the earth. How solemn is the picture of this sudden and momentous separation! May you and I be ready when the trumpet shall sound!

Our Lord warns us that in the day when He shall be revealed the ungodly world will be as indifferent as in the days of Noah, and of Sodom and Gomorrah. Men will be engrossed with eating and drinking, buying and selling, planting and building, marrying and giving in marriage; when suddenly the Day of Grace will close and the Day of Judgment will begin. Let us "watch therefore and pray always, that we may be accounted worthy to escape all these things that shall come to pass, and to stand before the Son of Man."

In this letter it is impossible to discuss the great chronological promises given us through the Prophet

Daniel, but it is comforting to know that many sane and well-balanced Christians, men of profound culture and deep humility, are fully persuaded that the hour is very near when their ultimate fulfilment shall take place in the close of the present Dispensation and the return of our Lord for His Own. The late saintly Bishop of Durham, Handley Moule, writing as always, with a deep sense of his responsibility to God, said in 1916: "I for one hold it possible in the light of the great chronological promises, that multitudes now living shall not see death till they have thus seen the Lord's Christ in the midst of us." You note the word possible. The Bishop was far too wise and good a man to speak with dogmatic certainty of that day and hour, which are known to God alone; but the Coming itself is a certainty, and all converging signs would seem to proclaim that it is near at hand.

It is especially interesting just now to recall the words of our Lord in St. Luke, Chapter 21:24, concerning the Jews: "They shall fall by the edge of the sword, and shall be led away captive unto all nations; and Jerusalem shall be trodden under foot of the Gentiles, until the times of the Gentiles be fulfilled." Thus the Saviour set a limit to the suffering of Jerusalem from the foot of the oppressor. And we may ask with reverent hope, has not that limit now been reached? For centuries the Turk trod the Holy City under foot, but his power is broken at last and Jerusalem is free. It is true that a Gentile power is in control of Palestine, but the control is no longer that of an enemy. England, like the United States, is the friend of the Jew, and the friend of the Jew is the friend of God.

Moreover the liberation of the Holy Land from the thraldom of the Turk was clearly a Divine Emancipation. England and her allies strove to keep Turkey with us in the great war; but, thank God, Turkey by her own act declared war against us, and thus made possible General Allenby's victorious campaign. What Christian was not thrilled when the glad tidings of great joy flashed throughout the world that the Union Jack was flying over Jerusalem, and that the Holy City was free?

Anglo-Saxon peoples on both sides of the sea may well rejoice that it pleased God to confer upon an Anglo-Saxon nation the high honor of liberating the Holy Land, and thus opening the way for the return of His people Israel. (Under the term "Israel" are included, of course, both the

House of Israel and the House of Judah). It is beyond denial that God has used England and the United States more signally than He has used any other nation for the spread of His Holy Word and the Name and Gospel of His well-beloved Son. The United States may therefore justly stand behind England in the awfully responsible Protectorate of Palestine. For it must never be forgotten that the Jews are still, as a people, living in unbelief. There can never be lasting rest for Israel's weary foot and blinded heart, until their eyes are opened to see in our Jesus their long promised Messiah. The Scriptures are solemnly pledged to Israel's conversion and restoration as "life from the dead" to the world. But until that blessed hour comes they must continue to suffer. If we rightly understand the Scriptures, then, England and the Jews are marching side by side to certain trouble. Their way lies through a very valley of the shadow of death; but on the other side of that dark valley shines "the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the Face of Jesus Christ."

The late Dr. Matheson used to speak of the Jew as "the world's blind lamplighter." To the Jew we owe all the light and all the hope we have—our Bible, our very Saviour we receive through the mysterious children of Abraham. And yet they are pathetically blind to the radiance they themselves have kindled. What will it be when their long-blinded eyes are opened to the glory of the coming Messiah? The whole world will ring with their mingled sorrow for the past and overflowing joy for the future. No people on the earth have such a history as theirs, and by far the most wonderful part of that history lies in the fact that it has all been foretold. The Bible has known all about it from the beginning. A glorious future lies before repentant Israel; for Isaiah has grandly prophesied in the Spirit, that "In days to come Jacob shall take root; Israel shall blossom and bud; and they shall fill the face of the world with fruit." (Isaiah 27:6.)

The Bible divides the human race under three heads: (1) Israel, (2) the Gentile Nations, (3) The Church, called out from Jew and Gentile. The Lord is coming to deal first with His Church, then with Israel, and finally with the Nations in general. But it is not the Catholic Church, nor the Roman Catholic Church, but the Holy Catholic Church, "the Church, which is His Body," (Eph.1:22,23:) that shall rise to meet the

Saviour when He comes. Only those blessed ones who have "washed their robes and made them white in the Blood of the Lamb" can share in the joy of that supreme hour, when the Redeemer comes back for His Own. It is also the hour of eternal reunion not only with our glorious Lord but with each other. I for one am convinced that the Scriptures give us sure and certain hope of meeting again in fullest recognition all our loved ones, who have fallen asleep in Jesus. And while our longing hearts are waiting for that glad reunion let us rest upon the strong, calm words—"Fear Not! I am the first and the last, and the Living One; and I was dead and behold, I am alive for evermore; and I have the keys of death and of the spirit world." We may be sure that no spirit passes in or out of the mysterious region save through Him who has the Keys. All are in His safe keeping. This truth strikes at the root of all Spiritism. Spiritualists have no communication with the dead, but are deceived by evil spirits, who personate the dead. The only Holy Medium is the Lord Jesus Christ, and He holds together in Eternal life and love all His Own on both sides of the Veil. All who are in touch with Him are in touch with each other in the unity of the Spirit—"till He come."

St. Paul teaches us in the eighth chapter of his letter to the Romans that the whole groaning and travailing creation is vitally concerned in the Second Advent of our Lord. "The earnest expectation of the creation, is waiting for the revealing (or unveiling) of the sons of God." Note well the plural. "That one far-off, divine Event to which the whole Creation moves" is the unveiling not only of the Son of God but also of "many sons," whom, through Christ, God is bringing unto glory. Already as to our essential life believers are "hidden with Christ in God; and when He Who is our life shall appear, then shall we also appear with Him in glory." When the Son of God comes to judge the world the sons of God will come with Him. You remember the beautiful words of St. John:—"Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be; but we know that when He shall appear we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is."

How glorious it is to be assured that "the creation itself shall be delivered from the bondage of corruption into the glorious liberty of the children of God." "According to His promise," says St. Peter, "We look for new heavens and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteous-

ness." And St. John takes up the glad refrain: "God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain, for the former things have passed away."

O my friend, all this we owe to the Lord Jesus, Who gave Himself for us even unto death, and that the death of the Cross, that He might put away our sin, and open the kingdom of heaven to all believers. How soon we may see Him face to face! A heavenly whisper thrills the very air about us, as the still, small voice of the spirit breathes into every believing heart the secret of His near approach. "Behold, I come quickly. Even so, come Lord Jesus."

Believe me,
Yours in faith and hope and love,
Till He come,"

G. OSBORNE TROOP.

November, 1923.

Lo, as some venturer, from his stars receiving
Promise and presage of sublime emprise,
Wears evermore the seal of his believing
Deep in the dark of solitary eyes,

So even I, and with a heart more burning,
So even I, and with a hope more sweet,
Groan for the hour, O Christ, of Thy returning,
Faint for the flaming of Thine Advent feet.

Hark, what a sound, and too Divine for hearing,
Stirs in the earth, and trembles in the air,
Is it the thunder of the Lord's Appearing?
Is it the music of His people's prayer?

Surely He cometh and a thousand voices
Shout to the Saints, and to the deaf are dumb;
Surely He cometh, and the earth rejoices
Glad in His Coming, Who hath sworn—I COME.

SUNDAY OBSERVANCE

In this letter to a friend who asked him to give his views on Sunday Observance, we have a very sensible, satisfying treatment of a very important and difficult subject.

—*Dyson Hague.*

SUNDAY OBSERVANCE

My dear Friend:—

You ask me about Sunday Observance, and I shall do my best to answer your question clearly.

1. Sunday is not the Jewish Sabbath, but the Christian Lord's Day.

2. As Christians, we are not under bonds to keep the Sabbath as the Jews keep it.

3. As Christians, we are “not under Law but under Grace.” We are not in bondage; Christ has set us free (Romans VI—14).

4. That does not mean, of course, that we are free, as Christians, to do as we like; for we are “**under law to Christ.**” The old Jewish Law, for us, is passed away: Christ Himself is our Law. (1 Corinthians IX—from verse 19 to end of the chapter. Also Colossians II—verses 16 and 17.)

5. Christ said to the Jews, even of the Jewish Sabbath:—“It is lawful **to do good** on the Sabbath Day.” (St. Matthew XII-1 to 15.) He also said—“The Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath: so that the Son of Man is Lord even of the Sabbath.” The Sabbath was meant for man’s own benefit, a day of rest and joy, consecrated by worship. (St. Mark II-27, 28).

6. To be a real Christian is to live **every** day in personal friendship with Christ: to try humbly in all things, at all times, **to please Him.**

7. If I am under Law to Christ as my Saviour and my friend, why of course I will not lie, nor steal, nor commit fornication, nor adultery, nor bear false witness, nor willingly grieve Him in any way. He is my best Friend. It is a joy to serve Him. He died for me. He lives for me. He is coming again for me. He has sent His Spirit into my heart to make me a new man. Why should I sin against Him?

8. Then on Sunday—as on every day—the simple question is—How can I best please my Holy Friend today? What does He want me to do? He will whis-

per to my heart and yours how best to spend the day. Act just as if He were visibly with you all the day long. Do not be afraid of Him. You are His friend, even as He is yours. You can do anything you like, as long as you do not turn your back on Him. He wants you to be **free** to do anything but sin. He does not give you rules. He rules you by Love. When His love comes into your heart, the love of sin goes out. Share everything with Him. Let Him know every sin, every sorrow, every joy. He knows how to deal with every part of your complex life. Fear not!

9. I cannot tell you what you ought to do or not to do, on Sunday. To your own Master and Friend you stand or fall. He deals with each one of us separately. The more you trust Him, the more free you become; and the more free you become, the more joyfully you will serve Him. This is the Christian's wonderful secret.

I would not work my soul to save,
For that my Lord hath done;
But I would work like any slave
From love to God's dear Son.

ON ETERNAL FRIENDSHIP

ARE WE FORMING
ETERNAL FRIENDSHIP?

We think that nothing could more perfectly summarize the heart and mind of Canon Troop than the beautiful greeting in his words:

“Are we forming Eternal Friendship?” and we can think of nothing better to conclude the Memoir of his earnest, devoted and winsome life.

—*Dyson Hague.*

ARE WE FORMING ETERNAL FRIENDSHIP?

My Dear Friends:—

What is more precious than genuine friendship? The possession of a real friend is better than any fortune. To be friendless is to be indeed forlorn. I have often wondered how a man would feel, for instance, to find himself a stranger in London, without money, and without a single friend. I have said "without money," yet a rich man may be, and often is, essentially friendless, though, ironically speaking, "the rich hath many friends." Money cannot buy friendship, though it can easily purchase sycophants.

In this connection, do you and I ever ponder the remarkable words of our Lord in the parable of the Unjust Steward? "I say unto you, make to yourselves friends by your use of the mammon of unrighteousness, that when the mammon fails, the friends that you have made may welcome you into the eternal tabernacles." I have paraphrased the famous passage in order to bring out its true meaning. Our blessed Master here lays down an eternal principle, and points out the only way in which we may secure friends for time and for eternity. This principle applies alike to rich and poor, for the mammon of unrighteousness, in its widest sense, includes all that is entrusted to us by God, which we may use for Him and for each other.

I am reminded here of a faithful black nurse, whom we have had in our family for nearly 40 years. That humble soul, by her devoted service, has won our friendship not only for time but for all eternity. Our whole family would rise up in the coming Day to call her "Blessed."

The late Bishop of Durham loved to speak of these waiting friends on the heavenly shore as coming forth, to greet us upon our arrival, as from a "white encampment." Neither they, nor we, will then have reached our final abode. It is in Paradise that these dear friends first meet us. They are dwelling in that stainless encampment until all the Lord's own are gathered in. How sweet





